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VESPERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY "POMEROY."

Sweeter far than poet's dreaming,
Grander yet, and richer seeming,
Comes that song, whose distant echo
Falls upon the listening ear—
"Miserere,
Drop, ye sons of earth, a tear."

Hark, the holy monks repeating,
"Phantom life so surely fleeting,
Leaves no trace that time has made,"
And that chorus chaunting clear,
"Miserere,
Drop, ye sons of earth, a tear."

Behold how sinks the sun to rest,
And the fiery golden west
Seems to throne ev'n Him we praise,
"Lord, accept our evening prayer,
Miserere,
Drop, ye sons of earth, a tear."

And my soul with rapture filling,
Every nerve within me thrilling,
Swells the fervent strain, amen,
Swells the fervent strain, amen,
"Miserere,
Weep, ye sinning sons of men."

[NOTE.—Written during a short stay in Italy, upon hearing, for the first time, the evening hymn.]

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Mrs. Penn stood at the door of the east wing when I went up stairs that night.

"Won't you come in for a minute?" she said. "Mrs. Chandos has returned to my lady's apartments. Look here," she continued, as I followed her into a sitting-room. "this is the work box: I will show you where the lace was."

Unlocking the box and lifting out the tray, she pointed to a corner. It was a large handsome box; a beautiful box; tortoise shell, inlaid with silver, its fittings of silver and sky-blue velvet; its scissors (save the steel part), its thimble, bodkin, &c., of gold.

"Were these things in at the time?" I asked.

"Yes; and yet they were not taken. But I account for it in this way—though of course I cannot say whether my theory may be the true one. I think the thief may have been afraid to abstract articles of positive value, like gold, but probably hoped that a yard or two of lace would scarcely be missed: or, if missed, that little fuss would be made over it. The loss of it has vexed me, though. It was a bit of expensive lace, and I was going to appropriate it to a collar and sleeves. Besides, as I said, the fact is most disagreeable, we don't know what may go next."

"It is disagreeable. Do none of the servants come in here but Emma and Mrs. Chandos's maid?"

"You forget that the box was in the library when the loss occurred, Miss Hereford. It had been standing there for two days. Mrs. Chandos went in there to sit, and I carried my work box with me and left it behind. Is there any one of the women servants you might suspect more than another?" she added, lowering her voice.

"I have been so short a time at Chandos as to possess little knowledge of the servants," was my evasive answer, scarcely liking openly to accuse Lizzy. No sooner was it uttered than steps were heard passing outside the door, and Mrs. Penn laid her finger on her lips.

"It is Mrs. Chandos," she whispered. "You must steal away as soon as she is in her room: visitors to the east wing are against the law."

I did as she bade me, and proceeded to my own chamber for the night, keeping my curtains close, you may be very sure, to shut out all sights, spiritual or natural, there might be in the grounds.

I wish I could have shut out all such sights the next day. But one met me then, the worst I could picture of natural; almost as dreaded as anything spiritual: the form of Mr. Edwin Barley.

At the extremity of the grounds near the outer hedge not far from the front gates, but hidden from them, was an old pavilion, or summer house, enclosed on three sides, and the entrance to which could be gained only by a path leading directly from Chandos House. At its back, looking out on the prickly bushes and thorns that surrounded it, was a small casement window. I was standing underneath one of the neighboring trees, leaning against its trunk, and tired with a long walk, when a smothered voice smote upon my ear, and I became aware that a man, in the garb of a gentleman, had pushed a way through the prickly shrubs, and was standing at this same little window, holding a whispered conversation with some one within the pavilion, his accents sounding confidential.

The other voice I could not catch, whether it was that of a man or woman; though a faint tone, once raised higher than the rest, seemed to indicate the latter. Who, from Chandos, could be holding confidential intercourse with Mr. Edwin Barley? Again there was but one whom my suspicions could rest upon, and that one was Lizzy.

But how came *she* to know Mr. Edwin Barley? and what sort of communication could she be holding with him—what topic of interest could they possess in common? Was Lizzy betraying the secrets of Chandos House?—I mean the doings. And what was there to betray, that could matter to anybody beyond it? unless, indeed, the tale of the ghost might satisfy wondering curiosity. Mr. Edwin Barley's words came louder now.

"It must have been some serious attack—for a physician to be telegraphed for in that haste. Why did they not call in a doctor from the neighborhood? You say he seemed as well as usual when he emerged again from the west wing. That's another odd thing: why did he go into the west wing to sleep, away from his own chamber?"

A pause. It was occupied by the answer, but of that I could not hear so much as a tone. Mr. Edwin Barley resumed.

"There's a mystery about it all that I can't dive into. But I will dive into it, mark you: so take heed that you do your work well. Why does the old woman keep herself shut up?"

Another inaudible answer.

"Nonsense about not comprehending it!" resumed Mr. Edwin Barley, irascibly. "You must comprehend it—what else are you here for? Poke and peer and pry till you do comprehend it: for, know it I will. I have not laid my plans and taken this trouble to be outdone at last. Have you forgotten the past years of fever?"

Another answer.

"That there's something to be discovered connected with *him*, I know; and I tell you that discovered it shall be," emphatically pronounced Mr. Edwin Barley. "They'd not live in this strange, retired manner for nothing. What do you say? Rubbish! they'd court some society as well as other folks, if they dared. The dark secret gone, does not prevent them: rely upon it there's darkness around them still: perhaps, ay, perhaps in the very house. It's strange you can worm nothing out of his wife. I know I could, had I your opportunities. Cautious and reserved to you, do you say? She has no cause to be, knowing what you do know. Then again, the postman! you are doing your work by halves."

A further answer, and a somewhat long one. An oath broke from Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Lose your place if you dared to interfere with the postman! Can't the man be bribed? You know I don't care what money I spend over this. See what can be done."

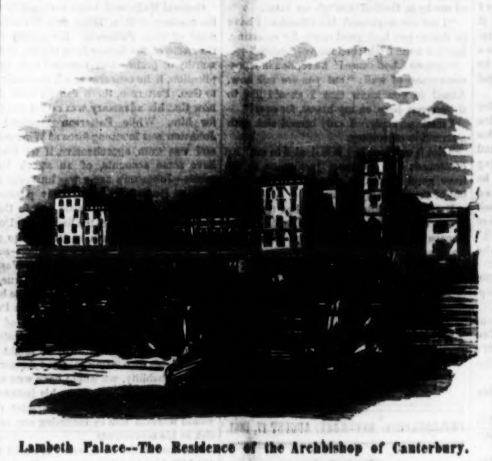
Another pause.

"Don't be a fool! *I* can't attempt to bribe the man; I have no plea; I am not living at Chandos. You might. You might say to him 'I am expecting a letter that I don't care for my lady or Mr. Chandos to know I receive, and if you'll let me have view of the letters first—I'll be waiting in the grounds for the purpose—I'll give you a five pound note.' The fellow would fall in with it inevitably, and you would thus see what letters they have and where they come from: might manage to get into your possession any one that should be suspicious. What's that? You can't always be out of doors when the postman's expected? I daresay you could, with a little contrivance: where there's a will, there's a way."

Here occurred another interval of silence, which did not appear to be filled up with the speaking of either of them. Mr. Edwin Barley took up the discourse again.

"How do you get on with *her?* Cautious and reserved also? oh, she's that, is she? But little to do with her? few opportunities? You have got your cue with regard to her; though she is of slight consequence. Is that gray cloak safe? It would not do to get it recognized, you know. Well, if you are sure it's nothing more than other gray cloaks that are common, it would not matter I suppose if it were seen; but it's better to keep it out of view. Anything been heard about the ghost?"

The mocking derision with which Mr. Edwin Barley spoke the concluding sentence cannot well be described, and at the answer he burst into a smothered laugh.



Lambeth Palace--The Residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[SEE DESCRIPTION ON FOURTH PAGE.]

"What an idiot you are, to believe in such folly! But you women are invariably superstitious. A troubled conscience will make folks 'walk' in life, but it won't bring them back after death. Hold your tongue,—what? Oh, I thought you were going to insist on the ghost. Upon thorns, lest you should be missed and called for? I'll depart, then; I have nothing particular to say further."

Mr. Edwin Barley came crushing back through the shrubs, and I gathered myself up into the smallest possible compass, my petticoats round me, amidst the trees. He stole away in an opposite direction, upon which I made the best of my way round into the path which led from the house to the pavilion. Whoever had been there, however, had had ample time to get away before I reached it, and I could see nobody.

I ran on to the house, round to the servant's entrance. I was determined to see, if possible, whether Lizzy had been out, and I had an excuse for entering the kitchen.

"Oh, cook, would you give me a little warm water? a gnat has just stung my wrist." This was truth; it was stung as I was listening to Mr. Edwin Barley. "Perhaps if I bathe it with hot water at once, it will not inflame."

The cook hastened to draw the water from the boiler, and set the basin on the table underneath the window. Harriet was in the kitchen, and offered to assist me, but I would not trouble her. Mrs. Hill also came in.

"Where's Lizzy?" asked she, "is she not here?"

"No, she's not here," was the immediate answer of the cook, spoken with irritation. "She's off again—as she always is. I sent her to get the eggs, for the boy never brought them in this morning, and she has been gone pretty near an hour! It's a shame."

"It is not Lizzy's work, that you should send her," remarked Mrs. Hill; "but she has no business to stop. Have you hurt your hand, Miss Hereford?"

I told her what it was, and she left the kitchen again, ordering the cook to despatch Lizzy to her in the housekeeper's room when she came in.

"You needn't have told mother Hill," remonstrated Harriet, to the cook; speaking in an undertone, on account of my presence. "She finds fault enough, without our helping her on with it."

"I'm not going to put up with Lizzy, then, if you are!" roared out the cook, caring nothing whether I was present or not. "Send her upon an errand, and there she stops. My custard ought to have been made, and set to cool by this time. She gets talking to the out-door men, that's what she does."

"That woman was here again last night," rejoined Harriet.

"I say, who is she? coming after Lizzy, as she does! Why shouldn't Lizzy be open about it?"

"I asked her who it was, the other day, but she'd give me no answer. You know that weeping ash, off yonder, to the right? Well, there they stood with their heads together, last night, Lizzy and the woman. Twenty minutes, I'm sure they were there. I should like to know what's up between them. There was always something odd about Lizzy; she never will say anything of herself, and none of us know what she was before she came to Chandos."

"There'll be something odder about her yet, if she don't speedily bring them eggs," retorted the cook. "I won't put up with this."

Harriet was called away. I dried my hand, and departed also, taking the out-of-door way to the front of the house. Truth was, I was watching still for Lizzy.

And I saw her. She came darting from one of the obscure paths, her basket of eggs carried carefully in her hand, and her face red and flustered, as if she had been walking or talking herself into a heat.

"Lizzy," I said, confronting her, "they are waiting for the eggs. Where have you been?"

"Don't stop me, miss, please; cook's in a rage as it is, I know," was all the answer I received; and Lizzy darted on.

Could I wish for better confirmation that she had been Mr. Edwin Barley's companion? I thought not. The path she had now come from was not one which would lead her to the pavilion; but it was evident that she had been somewhere else since she left it; perhaps getting the eggs.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FOOTSTEPS IN THE WALK AT CHANDOS.

Really mine was, just now, a strange life. A young girl, as I was, living in that house without any protection of my own sex, and thrown constantly into the society of Mr. Chandos. More unrestrained companionship than there was between us, could scarcely exist, had we been brother and sister. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea; we two were alone at all. I presided at breakfast and tea, he at lunch and dinner. And very much were we together in the day, for the oak parlor was my only sitting room, and he made it chiefly his. It was very pleasant; too pleasant; many might have said though, that it was less prudent.

A conviction was gradually growing upon me that some strange mystery did attach to Mr. Chandos, and what I overheard from Mr. Edwin Barley strengthened it. "That there's something to be discovered connected with him, I know; and I tell you that discovered it shall be." Those words had haunted me ever since. Was the secret a disgraceful one? a "dark" one, as Mr. Edwin Barley intimated? I could not think it.

No, I could not. As he sat there before me with his calm, pale face and its sweet expression, it was against the dictates of common sense to believe that ill or wicked antecedents attached to him. We were at breakfast. Several days had passed since the one spoken of in the last chapter, and Mr. Chandos could walk nearly as well as he had ever done. The surgeon begged him *not* to walk, assuring him that it was necessary for the injured foot to have rest still.

It was a lovely autumn morning. The fire burnt briskly in the grate, but the window, near which we sat, was open. Mr. Chandos was telling me that I ought to take advantage of the fine day and be out in it as much as possible, when Mrs. Penn entered, with a pale face and marks of agitation. But, before going on, I must mention a trifling occurrence which had taken place on the previous night.

I was in my room, dressing for dinner, when a knock came to the door, and I admitted Mrs Penn.

"Busy?" cried she, perceiving that my dress was off and my hair down.

"I shall have finished directly. Will you take a seat?"

"Oh, this dreary life at Chandos!" she uttered, sinking into a chair: "it is dreary, and I cannot conceal that I find it so. There's no sociability: everybody seems engrossed with his or her own pursuits: even you, Miss Hereford, are not half the companion you might be."

"I may not intrude into the apartments of Mrs. Chandos."

"But there are other ways and means.—You might come out with me in the grounds sometimes, or invite me in here to sit and chat with you. I have been making a stupid mistake," she continued, slightly turning her left hand, in which was a sealed letter. "I went down to give this to the butler, that it might go with the other letters, and he says they are gone. I thought the man called for the letters at half-past five."

"It is at five that he calls for them."

"So I find. I shall know better in future. But I am vexed about it, for the letter is of some consequence, and now it can't go till to-morrow."

She put the letter into a small morocco reticule with steel clasps, took her keys from her pocket and locked it.

"These little reticules are the most convenient things, Miss Hereford. Have you one?"

"No: but I have a sort of carpet reticule, small, that locks. I bought it at the bazaar at Nullé. What a pretty little reticule that is!"

"It was the gift of a friend. Allow me to fasten your dress for you."

I thanked her, but laughingly said that I was accustomed to dress myself. She laughed too; observed that schoolgirls generally could help themselves, having no choice upon the point, and turned to look from the window.

"How I wish you would grant me a request!" she suddenly exclaimed.

"What is it?"

"They do say, you know, that the spirit of Sir Thomas may be seen, on a moonlight night, somewhere over in the walks there to the right," she answered, lowering her voice. "If you would let me come and watch from your windows after you are in bed; I would give the world to see it," she emphatically uttered. "I know that I should be fearfully excited, were it to appear, but with you in the room I could restrain my terror. Will you let me?"

I could not speak for some moments, so entire was my surprise. An impulse arose within, prompting me to deny the request utterly.

"Mrs. Penn, I dare not. If you were able to restrain your terror, I could not restrain mine; I should raise the house with my screams. Since I heard of this ghost, I have kept my curtains closely drawn at night, and no persuasion would induce me to open them. There is another consideration. I am a visitor of the family, and I should not deem it quite right or honorable to be prying into an affair that must indisputably give pain and annoyance to them."

"You are a little coward," she good humoredly exclaimed. "You will tell me, I suppose, to take my bravery to the library window, and look from thence; but that ugly clump of dark trees takes off the view of the pine paths from the library windows. The best windows for seeing them must be those of Mr. Chandos. I always had a love of the marvellous—and a great terror of it also. As a child I was allowed to read ghost stories and murders, and those sort of things, and of course it told upon me. I think it perfectly wicked to allow children such tales. I don't believe the impression they make is ever completely overcome."

"But you do not believe in ghosts?"

"I should be ashamed to say I do believe in them; and yet the subject does bear for me a terror and a charm. You are ready to go down, I see; so good-bye for the present."

I had reached the foot of the stairs, when I happened to look up the well of the staircase. There was the face of Mrs. Penn regarding me with strange intensity. What did she see to look at?

Well, all this had taken place the previous evening, and I sat at breakfast with Mr. Chandos, when she came in, pale and agitated.

"I beg your pardon," she said, slightly bowing to Mr. Chandos, as she passed him to approach me, evidently too much flustered to stand upon ceremony. "I left my reticule in your room last night, Miss Hereford."

"Did you? I did not know it."

"Neither did I until this morning," she returned. "The fact is, I never thought about it at all. I went close up to your window—as you may remember—and was looking out. I suppose I must have laid the reticule in the window seat, or let it drop there unknowingly: at any rate, I went from the room without it as it appears."

"If you left it in the window seat, there it will be," I interrupted; "I did not touch it or see it."

"There it was," she said, holding out her hand, which contained the unclasped reticule. "But, Miss Hereford, it has been opened."

"I do not understand you, Mrs. Penn," I returned, looking at her.

"I am sure you will make allowance for me if I appear a little excited," she rejoined, in a somewhat calmer tone. "I do not seek to cast suspicion upon any one: but I cannot deny that I am both annoyed and angry. You would be so yourself, Mr. Chandos, did such a thing happen to you," she added, suddenly turning to him.

"Take a seat, and explain to me what it is that has happened," replied Mr. Chandos, handing her a chair.

"Thank you, no," she said, rejecting the seat, "I cannot stay to sit down, I must return to Mrs. Chandos: it was she who recommended me to come and speak to Miss Hereford. Did you observe that I put the letter, which was too late for the post, into my reticule?" she resumed, to me.

"Yes, I saw you do so."

"I locked it, and—"

"I saw that also," I interrupted. She continued.

"This morning, when I was getting up, I missed the reticule. I looked for it everywhere: and then it occurred to me that I might have left it in your room. I sent Emma to ask you, but you were gone down, and she found it lying in the window seat, and brought it me. I unlocked it, suspecting nothing: I had left a pair of nail-scissors in it which I wanted—"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Penn: I thought you said it was open."

"It had been opened—you shall hear. I unlocked the reticule, and the first thing I saw was my letter lying upon the envelope. The envelope had been unsealed, and the letter taken out—and no doubt read: proving that the reticule had been unlocked. I could have cried for vexation. It is a private letter, written to a close friend, and I would have given £5, rather than that it should have met any other eye."

"This is most extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. Chandos. "Is that the envelope?" pointing to one in her hand.

"This is it: and this is the letter," she replied, with some slight temper, which I am sure Mr. Chandos thought very excusable: *I* did. I recognized it for the envelope I had seen the previous evening: it had been torn just above the red seal. "First lace, and then letters: there must be somebody with false keys in the house," went on Mrs. Penn.

Remembering my own boxes and Mr. Chandos's desk, I entertained no doubt of that. "Have you questioned the servants?—I allude to the girls who attend to the rooms," Mr. Chandos asked her.

"No, I have not had the opportunity. In the moment of the discovery I spoke out before Mrs. Chandos, and then came here."

"Then allow me to speak first," said Mr. Chandos, and Mrs. Penn acquiesced and retired. He sat a few moments with his head upon his hand in a musing attitude, and then rang the bell. "I should suppose this daring act must have taken place last evening when you were at dinner," he observed to me. "Should not you?"

"I can only say that no servant entered my room this morning before I came down stairs. And, to judge by what Mrs. Penn says, and the short time I have been down, she must have sent Emma to look for it nearly at the same period."

"Let me see," said Mr. Chandos, "who attends to the middle rooms? Harriet. But the other maids can go in if they please: they are not inaccessible, like the rooms in the wings. Did you not observe the bag?"

"I saw it in Mrs. Penn's hands last night, when she put the letter in. We left the room together, and the next time I went into it the curtains were drawn, so that I could not see the window seat. I undrew them this morning, but, being late in getting up, I was too hurried to notice anything."

"Hickens," said Mr. Chandos, when the servant appeared, "I wish to speak to Emma. Send her hither."

The girl came in, wondering. Mr. Chandos accosted her in a careless tone, careless from intent.

"Did Mrs. Penn send you just now to Miss Hereford's room in search of a bag?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you find it?"

"It was lying in the window seat, sir. I took it to her."

"Was it locked?"

"I'm sure, sir, I don't know. I did not try it. It was shut."

"Was any person in the room?"

"Nobody at all, sir. I think Miss Hereford had just gone down."

"Go and send Harriet to me," continued Mr. Chandos. "There is nothing to be learnt from Emma," he added to me: "she evidently knows nothing of the mattter."

"No, nor Harriet either," was the response of my inmost heart. But I did not speak it.

"Harriet," began Mr. Chandos, when she appeared, "were you in Miss Hereford's room last evening?"

"I went in to turn down the bed, sir, and put the room to rights generally," was the answer.

"Did you observe a bag, or reticule, in the room?"

"Yes, I did, sir. There was one laid on the window seat. I took it up in my hand, and thought what a pretty thing it was: I had never seen it before."

"Did you open it?"

"Open it! No, sir, that I did not. I think it was locked, for I saw there was a keyhole: at any rate, it was close shut. I did not keep it in my hands a moment, but put it down where I found it, and drew the curtains."

"Who else went into Miss Hereford's room last evening?"

"Why, sir, how can I tell?" returned Harriet, after a pause of surprise. "What I have to do in the room does not take five minutes, and then I am not anigh it afterwards. Twenty folks might go in and out without my knowing of it."

"Were any of the other maids in, to your knowledge?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir," answered Harriet, shaking her head. "None of them go up to the best rooms much, except Lizzy and Mrs. Hill: but if they did, I don't see what they could want in Miss Hereford's room."

"You may go," said Mr. Chandos. And away she went, glad to be released. The next he sent for was Hill. To her he imparted what had occurred, and ordered her to find out, if possible, what maid servants had absented themselves from the rest. Hill departed, and came back with her report. Not one of the maids, for a wonder, had quitted the sewing room the previous evening. Lizzy, Emma, and Harriet had gone down from the upper rooms nearly together, and had remained together for the evening: they were making their winter gowns.

"Then, Hill, where does the mystery lie?" sharply responded Mr. Chandos.

Hill apparently did not like the tone, and her complexion heightened.

"It doesn't lie with me, sir, that's all I can say; and I should believe that the maids would be the last to pry into other folks's letters. What good could it do them?"

He suffered her to depart, and Hickens came in to remove the things. Mr. Chandos paced the room, more perturbed, I thought, than the case warranted. By-and-by he sat down to his desk, drawing it before him.

"Halloa?" he broke forth when he had opened it.

"What is the matter?" I asked, feeling startled.

"So they have walked into the trap, have they?" he muttered, without answering me, as he continued to look over his desk, as if searching it. Presently he turned to me.

"The theory I have adopted is, either that we have two black sheep in the house, or that one is doing duty for two, and is admirably cunning over it. Mrs. Penn lost some lace, which could only have been pilfered by some petty thief, from the petty motives of mere stealing. I, on the contrary, lost a memorandum-book, but the valuables in the desk were left untouched. That memorandum-book must have been abstracted with a view to pry into my private affairs, or those of the Chandos family. I pondered over these things for some days, and it struck me that the losses would not stop there. At anyrate, I determined to mark some money and place it in my desk in a conspicuous place; and I did so yesterday, locking up my desk afterwards. Two sovereigns and two half crowns was the money I marked—"

"And has it disappeared?" I interrupted, in my eagerness.

"All of it. See, I put it here."

"Mr. Chandos, it seems quite certain that some one in the house has false keys!"

"It appears certain that they must have some means of opening and closing locks without leaving any trace behind. Say nothing of this in the house: I shall act decisively now."

He wrote a hasty note, directed it, and sealed it with the Chandos coat-of-arms; then ordered one of the grooms into his presence; James, the man's name was.

"Saddle one of the horses for yourself. When you are ready, come round with him, and I will give you directions."

The man was soon equipped. He appeared leading the horse. Mr. Chandos went out, and I stood at the open window.

"Are you quite ready to go?"

"Quite, sir."

"Mount, then."

The servant did as he was bid, and Mr. Chandos continued, putting the note he had written into his hands.

"Go straight to Warsall, to the police station, and deliver this. Do not loiter."

James touched his hat, then his horse, and cantered off.

Ever since I had seen the police at Mr. Edwin Barley's at the time of the murder of Philip King, I had felt an invincible dread of them; they were always associated in my mind with dark tales of mystery—arising, no doubt, from the fact that my personal acquaintance with them was caused by the dark fate of that young man. The gens-de-arms in France had not tended to reassure me; with their flashing uniform, their cocked hats, their terrifying swords, and their fiery horses; but the police, there, were quite another sort of people. All the harm I saw of them was, their blowing up of the maid servants, the threatening them with a five-franc fine, for not being earlier in washing before their doors in a morning.

The police arrived in the afternoon; two; in plain clothes; and Mr. Chandos was closeted with them alone. Then we heard—at least, I did—that the servants' pockets, &c., were to be examined, and their boxes searched. I was standing in the hall, looking wistful enough, no doubt, when Mr. Chandos and his two visitors came forth from the drawing-room.

"You look scared," he stayed to whisper, smiling in my face. "Have the police terrors for you? I fear the girls will experience more, when they find themselves called upon to turn out their pockets and boxes, without warning."

"Is that going to be done?"

"Immediately."

Scarcely had he passed on when Mrs. Penn came through the hall; she had been walking in the grounds.

"Those look just like police!" she exclaimed. "What have they come for?"

"About these losses, I believe. Mr. Chandos has again found that his desk has been opened."

"What—besides the first loss the other day?"

"It must have been done since the night before last, he says. He seems so much annoyed: and it is enough to make him feel so."

"I'd forgive a little bit of pilfering—that is, I would not be too harsh upon the thief," she remarked. "Pretty lace and such like vanities do bear their attractions. But when it comes to violating letters and private papers, that is essentially another affair. What are the police going to do in it? Do you know?"

"Mr. Chandos has just told me that boxes and pockets are about to be examined."

"I should think, then, my lace, at any rate, will come to light," she laughed, as she tripped up the stairs.

The process seemed to be pretty long, for I am sure that the men were up stairs for at least two hours. Mr. Chandos did not remain to assist in the search: he came down to the oak parlor. One, who seemed to be the superior officer, entered when they had finished.

"Well, sir," said he, as he took a seat, after bowing to me, "there's no trace of any stolen property about the maids or their boxes. One or two of them had got some love letters, and seemed precious more afraid of my reading them than of my finding lace or money," he added, with a broad smile. "I just glanced over the epistles, enough to convince myself that there was nothing wrong: but there was no game more formidable to be found."

"Then who can have got the things? who can be the thief?" uttered Mr. Chandos.—"That it is some one in the house, is indisputable, from the fact of the articles not disappearing at once, but at different times."

"There does seem a bit of mystery about it," was the comment of the officer. "You are sure of the housekeeper, sir, you say? We obeyed your direction, and did not examine her boxes."

"As sure as I am of myself," replied Mr. Chandos.

"Would you like a watch placed in the house at night, sir, unknown to the servants?"

"No—oh, no!" very hastily replied Mr. Chandos.

At this juncture, Mrs. Penn knocked at the door and entered.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting," she said, "but it may be better for the officers to come up at once, now that Mrs. Chandos has gone to the west wing. She would not like to see them, I fancy."

"Come up for what purpose?" returned Mr. Chandos.

She paused, either not understanding him, or else wondering that he had not understood her.

"I was informed that our boxes were to be examined," she resumed. "Mine are in Mrs. Chandos's rooms."

"Your boxes! certainly not!" returned Mr. Chandos. "The search has been applied to the servants only. Why, Mrs. Penn, you are one of the losers equally with myself."

"So far as a bit of lace goes, yes," she said. "But—I beg your pardon for observing, Mr. Chandos, that it would be more satisfactory to all who are here, and not of the Chandos blood, if their innocence were made apparent."

"It is quite apparent enough," replied Mr. Chandos. "You cannot suppose I suspect you: and, as I observe, your being a sufferer puts it beyond all doubt. We are obliged by your courtesy all the same, Mrs. Penn."

She still lingered, somewhat wistfully, I thought: but Mr. Chandos appeared to have settled the point. He quitted the room, the officer following him.

"Did they search your boxes?" she inquired of me.

"No. And I did not offer them."

"I should have done so, in your place, and I'm sure I would have preferred their searching mine. I understood you to imply that we were all to be treated indiscriminately. I look at it in this light. These servants are searched: nothing is found: and the only other strangers in the house are you and I. Who knows but we may be suspected next?"

I felt the red color flash a little into my face.

"I do not think Mr. Chandos would suspect me," I said, aloud.

"Perhaps not. But I know this: that it is better to be put above suspicion. There they go!" she suddenly exclaimed, causing me to turn to the window. It was the departure of the officers from Chandos.

Dinner was delayed an hour that evening: while the cook was detained up stairs it had been necessarily neglected. I, ready for it, strolled abroad, thinking it pleasanter to wait out of doors than in. It was growing nearly dark—at least it looked dark in the gloomy walks, as I paced them, a shawl over my shoulders. I turned down one, not knowing where it would lead me to, and not very much caring. Did I not care, though, ay, and prepare to run, too, when I found it led me to the walk, so dreaded, underneath the pines! Hasty footsteps came up at that moment: those of Mr. Chandos.

"*You* here!" he exclaimed, astonishment and (as it sounded to my ear) alarm in his tone. "I thought you believed this portion of the grounds to be consecrated to the ghosts."

"I got into it without knowing. I was about to run away again."

"Let me take you to a pleasanter part," he said, putting my arm within his. "How dark the evening has become."

We were going on, but had only advanced a few steps, when—I can scarcely tell what occurred. I saw nothing; I heard nothing; but Mr. Chandos apparently did, for he stopped short, and his face became as one living terror. The walk was one from which there was no escape on the sides; the trees and the low brush and shrubs at this lower end of it were too thickly planted. Mr. Chandos suddenly drew me against one of these side trees, placed himself before me, and bent my face down close upon his breast, so that I could see nothing.

"You will be safe under my shelter," he whispered, pressing his cheek upon my head so that I could not look up if I would, "but be still for the love of heaven."

So utterly was I taken by surprise, so complete was my alarm, that "still" I did stay, there, as he placed me, my heart beating against his. I heard measured footsteps advance, pass us, and continue on their way: but there was no mistaking that Mr. Chandos's own heart was beating more violently than is common to man, and that as the steps passed us he clasped me with almost a painful pressure. Presently he raised my face, holding it near to his own, then deadly white.

"Will you forgive me, Anne?" he whispered—and the name, the first time he had called me by it, thrilled through my veins.

"I am not displeased, Mr. Chandos: I have no doubt you had good cause for so acting. But you have frightened me very much."

"Indeed I had cause!" he replied in a passionate sort of wail: "but you are safe now. Anne! do you know that I should like to shelter you, here, on my breast, for ever?"

I made no reply. I only turned sick with a sensation of ecstacy.

"But it may not be; it is denied to me," he continued: "so we must just go on as we have gone on. This way: I will take you out of these gloomy walks."

But, all the while, his white lips trembled. It was certain that he had been under the influence of some dreadful terror. For many and many a night afterwards, the query haunted me—Did ghosts emit sounds, as of footsteps, when they walked along?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Your poetry is declined. A number of correspondents would oblige us either by making their poems a little better, or a little worse, we don't care which. As they are, they give us a great deal of trouble, being rather too poor for print, and rather too good for the waste-paper bag. We puzzle our brains over the merits and demerits of some of them, until we understand clearly why it was said of old that this class of poetry "neither gods nor men can permit."

GEN. McDOWELL'S REPORT.

We publish this week the official report made by Gen. McDowell of the late battle near Manassas. We think the country will be favorably impressed by the evident simplicity and truthfulness of the report of the commanding general. It is evident that he was placed in an unpleasant position. The country expected a battle, and yet he probably felt that he was not entirely warranted in fighting it. The time of ten thousand of his best troops—the three months' men—would soon expire, and therefore he could not delay, while the difficulty in getting in front of the enemy allowed time for Johnston to reinforce Beauregard. The auspicious moment had passed by the noon of the day of battle—and McDowell was just too late in his operations to grasp the laurel crown of victory.

And yet McDowell appears to have done well. He appears to have erred a little, by conceding too much to the representations of his subordinate officers; but a commander must depend, in a considerable degree, upon those subordinates for his knowledge of the condition and temper of his troops. On the whole, he appears to have managed the battle with a good degree of skill, and a full amount of calmness and courage, and we think he is entitled to the continued confidence of the country. As a division officer especially, we think the commanding general might always rely upon his good sense, activity and general efficiency.

General McDowell bears very mildly upon the conduct of Gen. Miles, and the management of Gen. Patterson. He merely omits the name of the former from the list of those worthy of praise—and censures only by implication, if he censures at all, the latter. As to Gen. Patterson, there can be little doubt now that his adversary was rather too much for him. While Patterson supposed that Johnston was in strong force at Winchester—and was even apprehensive, if we may believe some accounts, of an attack by the rebels—Johnston's army was hurrying south to join Beauregard; the latter portion arriving on the field of battle just in time to pluck the victory from the hand of McDowell, already stretched forth in triumph to grasp it. One can scarcely avoid laughing—serious as the case is—when he reads in a Washington letter, what may not indeed be true, that on the very evening previous to the battle, Gen. Scott received a telegram from Patterson, asking for reinforcements. Had Gen. Patterson pushed on to Winchester instead of turning off to Charlestown, he might have exposed his own army to some danger, but, in all probability, we would have won at Manassas. Perhaps, however, his instructions were not of that positive character which would warrant him in incurring any serious risk in his movements.

The loss of the U. S. army is stated to be 481 killed, and 1,011 wounded. Missing, officers, 40; men, 1,176; grand total, 2,708. The loss of artillery amounts to 17 rifled cannon and 8 small bore guns. In ammunition the loss amounted to 150 boxes of small arm cartridges and 87 boxes of rifled cannon cartridges. Thirty boxes of old fire arms, 13 wagons of provisions, 2,500 muskets and 8,000 knapsacks and blankets were also lost in the retreat and during the battle. Some of these statements do not appear in our version of Gen. McDowell's report, but they are said to be official. Only a portion of the missing are prisoners—as some of the volunteers retreated all the way to New York, not hearing, they say, the command "halt."

The few regular troops in the battle seem to have behaved with their usual gallantry, not participating at all in the foolish panic which infected the volunteers. But, without further comment, we refer our readers to Gen. McDowell's apparently fair and candid report of the battle.

NO MORE COMPLAINTS.

The return of the three months' volunteers, looking so stout and hardy, has convinced their fellow citizens that there has been a great deal too much said about unwholesome provisions, &c. The men look in excellent health—much better than they would if they had stayed at home—and the proof of the pudding, to alter an old saying, is the health of the eater.

It is evident there have been too many complaints of the kind alluded to; and we are glad to see that they are drawing to a close. Soldiers should not expect that their food would always be of the most unexceptionable character. If what they get is generally good enough in quality, and sufficient in quantity, for health and strength, they should not murmur. If their stomachs are too delicate for soldiers' food and soldiers' duty, they had better stay at home. Of course all men are not strong enough for a soldier's life, and they will do more good at home paying taxes, than encumbering the hospitals in the camp.

The reserve regiments from this State are said to present an excellent appearance—inferior to none. As Governor Curtin has received a good many compliments "over the left" for the three months' men, he is entitled to a good many "over the right" for the eleven regiments he is able to send into the field just when they are wanted. The artillery regiment especially, with its thirty-two field pieces, which is twelve short of the full number, has attracted great attention at Washington.

The men enlisted for three years will, it is to be supposed, make better soldiers than the three months' men. They will look upon it more as work, and less as a short frolic. This is one reason why regulars are generally superior to volunteers—another is that the discipline is stricter. It is not well for officers and soldiers to have been friends and acquaintances, as we so often find them in the volunteers. There cannot be very good discipline where the soldier, off duty, fellowships with his officer, and addresses him curtly as "cap." We may regret that it is so, but while human nature is so imperfect, it will probably continue to be true that "familiarity breeds contempt."

WELL SAID.—The *London Times* recently said that "Pennsylvania has never, in the general sense, been a repudiator, but her financial character suffers from a wound which *derives its worst features from its smallness*."

May that ever continue to be the worst feature in Pennsylvania's bad conduct—"its smallness."

FIGHTERS AND SOLDIERS.

The events of this war, as of other wars, will prove that a man may be a good fighter without being a good soldier.

Especially is this true of the volunteer soldiery.

It is not out of those classes which supply the rowdyism of large cities, that the best volunteers will be found to come. Such men, under the sterner discipline of the regular army, may be made into very effective men, but the best regiments of volunteers will be found to be composed of a different class.

For a good soldier must be something more than a good fighter. He must have habits of order, of obedience, of sobriety, of honesty, which will make him a well disciplined man. And such a man, even on the day of battle, will prove a better soldier than the quarrelsome, pugnacious, and unreliable rowdy.

Yes, it remains true of soldiering as of other employments, the better the man the better the soldier. And the better the man, the lighter may be the discipline.

We think it will be found that Northern men will make better soldiers than Southern men—simply because Southern men are even more heady, self-willed, and impatient of restraint than Northern ones. We of the North are bad enough in these respects, it is true—but the Southerners, owing partly to their favorite institution, are even worse. They like ordering others a great deal better than being ordered themselves,—and yet the capacity of prompt and unreasoning obedience is an important essential in a good soldier.

Let not good, peaceable men think then that they are not the right kind of stuff for soldiers—they are the very best stuff. Let them be made to realize that they are fighting for their country and their God, and they become such soldiers as were the "Ironsides" of Cromwell, and the veteran legions of Gustavus Adolphus. They are worth double their number of loud-talkers, hard-swearers, and deep-drinkers, for they are capable of taking the very highest polish of discipline, and always have their wits about them. The army wants regiments of such men, each with its chaplain, and with its regular religious services. Let them go into battle, after having commended their souls to God—and our word for it, such men will care less for the deadly bolts of the artillery, and the desperate charge of bayonets, than those to whom this world seems only a playground, and this life all in all.

EMPLOYMENT.

It is perfectly ridiculous to hear able-bodied men complain of wanting employment, and asking aid of the benevolent. Congress has authorized the President to accept the services of a million of men, and voted $500,000,000 for their support. There are very few who have money enough to throw away on those who would rather lounge about our cities, doing nothing, than enlist. All the extra funds of the community—and a good deal more—are absorbed by the war; and able-bodied men, out of employment, who will not join the army, have no claim upon the benevolence of the community. Let the question be put to all such, when they ask for assistance, "Why don't you enlist?" Thirteen dollars a month and rations is no mean wages in such times as these. It is more than the majority of the mercantile classes are making.

CHIVALROUS SPELLING.—The rebel generals seem to find time, between their warlike operations, for inventing new systems of spelling. Read the following literary production of Gen. Porterfield's, who was probably born in Wise's district, where they do not have any newspapers. It was found by the U. S. troops in Grafton:—

> A contract maid this 21 day of May, 1861, between my self, commander-in-chief of the forces now in Feterman, and Captain Wm. R. Copland, commander of the Grafton guards:—
>
> I promice that if he will allow my forces under me to go in to Grafton without being disturbed or injured, that we will protect them and their property, and we will respect their courage and bravery, and that we will only remain long time enough to march threw the streets and return back to Feterman; that we will not camp or train in Grafton.
>
> Brig. Gen. PORTERFIELD,
> Captain WM. R. COPLIN.

The United States authorities recently have been compelled to resort to a cipher, in order to avoid the betrayal of their correspondence, and the advantage of such a system of spelling as that of Gen. Porterfield's is that when fully developed, no one will be able to read the letters of the rebel generals save themselves. We expect to hear of Porterfield's being soon appointed Secretary of Public Instruction in the new "confederacy." If all the rebel documents were written in the above style, it would be impossible to convict Jeff. Davis of treason on documentary evidence.

BURNING OF HAMPTON.—Gen. Magruder, with a force of seven thousand secessionists, advanced upon Hampton, near Fortress Monroe, on the 7th, and burned it to the ground. Only about ten houses remain out of nearly five hundred—many of which were beautiful dwellings. The houses being wood, and very dry, owing to their having been no rain recently, burnt like tinder. The few citizens who remained in the place, principally Unionists, were given fifteen minutes to leave by the secession forces. The object in burning the town was to prevent its being used by the Federal troops for their winter quarters. These secession gentlemen, it will be seen, are in earnest, and stop at nothing to attain their ends. If Gen. Butler had burned Hampton, doubtless a certain class of people would have exclaimed against the act as unconstitutional and barbarous.

GENERAL WOOL.—It is said now that General Wool has not been ordered to Fortress Monroe. The Administration has probably its reasons for not employing the services of the General.

HANDCUFFS AND ROPES.

The handcuff story is increasing as it rolls; the *Baltimore Exchange* makes the following extract from a letter received by a gentleman of that city:—

> RICHMOND, August 2, 1861.
>
> Humanity shudders at the foul and brutal atrocities already committed on our citizens, and the yet fouler ones contemplated. The story of 30,000 handcuffs is every word true. I have a man from Manassas who saw them and the ropes with nooses to hang "traitors." Heaven can never permit such fiends to trample laws, honor and virtue in the dust.—They can *never* succeed. Earth would be a *hell*, under their control.

The Union forces in Western Virginia took over 1,000 prisoners, and released them all. This one fact should be enough answer to all that handcuff and rope story. In fact the clemency of the Government almost seems at some times to approach the ridiculous. We release the prisoners we take, but the rebels hold fast to theirs—some accounts say, even put them to work on their entrenchments. We take up the body of a rebel General (Garnet), killed on the field of battle, and send it carefully by a long route to his friends; they will not allow the body of Col. Cameron, killed at Manassas, to be conveyed to his.

CHIVALROUS MODESTY.—We copy in another place a delightfully impudent article from the *Richmond Whig*. The *Whig*, however, is partly right. There are a set of Northerners who seem created to owe political labor and service to the South, and ought to wear collars round their necks, inscribed "Doughface the born thrall of Chivalry," like those the Saxon serfs used to wear in England. The mistake of the *Whig* is in supposing the class in question to be a fair sample of the Northern people.

Ah, if these chivalrous secessionists could once succeed in conquering the Union forces, what a fine time they would have of it in ruling the North. How they would draw tight the cords until the blood started. How they would tax, and grind, and insult until the history of mankind could afford no parallel.

Let every soft hearted reader, who doubts the policy of this war, peruse the article in question. Remember it represents the feelings not of an individual, but of a class—the ruling class among the secessionists. If the reader have common sense and common spirit, we think he will realize at last, if he never realized before, the impossibility of living in peace with such men, until their power and influence are thoroughly broken in the land. It is all idle to talk of the possibility of future friendship with such. With other classes of Southern men we may hereafter live as brethren, but with the class whose views and feelings the *Richmond Whig* represents, the war is to the bitter end. And the sooner our people and leaders realize this fact and act accordingly, the better it will be for the country.

BALTIMORE AND BRECKINRIDGE.—Mr. Breckinridge—Breckinridge, we believe, means in the Scotch, a broken ridge—attempted to address the people of Baltimore from his hotel one evening last week. The Union portion of the crowd, however, objected to hear him, not approving of his sentiments, and made so much noise that the Senator could not proceed. The late news from Kentucky is said to have convinced Mr. Breckinridge that he no longer can fairly represent that State in the Senate.

Mr. Breckinridge is a great stickler at the present time for the observance of the Constitution. He thinks it wrong to violate the least provision of that instrument, even if said violation is necessary to prevent the whole from being overthrown. He is like a man who has such a regard for his physical constitution, that he would not be willing to lose even a finger, although the surgeon should tell him that if he did not, the whole body would die. For our part, we think it the part of wisdom to cut off a mortifying arm or even leg, undoubted part of the physical constitution though it be, rather than that the whole frame should perish.

THE FRENCH PRINCE.—Prince Napoleon, after examining the defences of Washington, was escorted through our lines to the rebel outposts. He will be in great danger in the South, for the secessionists will probably seize upon him, and attempt by force to make him their king. As the Prince expressed himself very strongly in Washington upon the subject of slavery, if he will not consent to be their king, probably they will tar and feather him. Such are the sportive ebullitions produced by a southern sun.

——Since writing the above the Prince has returned safely. His reception was so "wildly enthusiastic" at Manassas, that he was probably afraid to go further, though fervently entreated just to go as far as Richmond and see Jeff. To all questions relative to being King for them, using his influence on their behalf in Paris, &c., the Prince is understood to have replied with the usual Napoleonic and diplomatic shrug of the shoulders. The Prince doubtless breathed freer and deeper when he again reached a civilized country.

THE BRITISH ADMIRAL MILNE.—The curious orders relative to the blockade purporting to have been issued by Admiral Milne, now turn out to be bogus. The Boston Transcript says that the Admiral, who is at Halifax, has recently written a private letter to the British Consul at Boston, in which the following passage occurs:—"I see a long article in some of the papers, and extracts from a letter from Fort Pickens, alluding to orders I have given; all I can say is, that *it is not my version of blockade, nor my orders on the subject*."

We are very glad to hear the Admiral say this, for really the orders in question had a very ugly look about them—and a difficulty with England at this time is about the last thing that any intelligent American would seek.

The Duration of the War.—We may be mistaken, and we hope we are, but we fear it will take from two to three years to bring the American people up to that point of earnestness, which is necessary for success in the present conflict. One year of dilly-dallying and of sentimental warfare, may seriously complicate us with either France or England, or perhaps with both. One year of such determined, reckless, desperate warfare as the secession leaders would wage if they were in our places, would soon put matters in such a position that neither France nor England would dream of interfering. But the issue of the war—the desire to control events so that the conflict shall cease and leave nothing unchanged—constantly fetters both civil and military action. Our statesmen are like the Girondists of the French Revolution, and would perish rather than give up their constitutional dogmas. They do not see the hand of destiny behind the whirlwind and the storm. It is so in all great civil convulsions—the people are not aware, for years, where they are driving to. They will not accept the inevitable. They will not see that Providence does not subject a nation to the fiery furnace of civil war, simply to have it run again into the same old defective mould—no imperfection remedied, no vital defect cured. But Providence will scarcely be balked of its ends—even though men refuse to work intelligently with it. The iron may yield sooner or later to the hammer, but the blows of fate are apt to fall till it does yield.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Italy. From the Earliest Period to the Present Day. By John S. C. Abbott. Published by Mason Brothers, New York.

A condensed manual of Italian history, ancient and modern, has been so long a desideratum, that we are glad to see it attempted in the work before us, even though the manner of its performance is not altogether satisfactory. We do not find in Mr. Abbott's book enough of that great literary gift, desirable in all cases, but necessary to the historian, the instinct of selection. Things of first and of secondary importance, great eras, and comparatively trifling events, are not sufficiently distinguished. The same detail, the same exclamations of shocked morality, are lavished on the bloody and peurile exploits of the long line of wretches who wore the imperial purple of decaying Rome, on the encroachments and corruptions of the Roman Church, and on the crimes of Austrian tyranny.

The style, too, is inflated and ambitious beyond all historic needs. Nobody dies; they "sink into the silent tomb," or something as fine; an uncommonly cruel prince is said to "lap blood with the greed of a bloodhound;" and trite morality and pious platitudes round every chapter, almost every paragraph.

More to be regretted than such faults as these, is the want of philosophic breadth of view, which makes a partially seen truth hardly a truth at all.

In that great day of change and upheaval when the Church appeared rising from the ruins of the ancient Empire, Mr. Abbott fails to see, or at least to make us see, the significance of the change. When the papal power encroaches upon and overshadows the imperial, he only sees barbarism supplanted by superstition; is quite certain of the folly of cherishing relics and worshipping saints, but makes no remark upon the democratic influence of the new power,—the only force that would have sufficed to break the iron bonds of caste, which feudalism had riveted upon society,—within whose sacred bounds the serf became the equal of the prince, and the title of servant of God and the Church became a higher name than that of Count or Baron.

In spite of these drawbacks, however, the book will probably be well received, being, we believe, the only work which has compacted a history of Italy from the earliest to the most modern times, into one volume, convenient in size, and sufficiently graphic to be very pleasantly readable. Such a history cannot fail to interest, be the treatment what it may. It is wonderful to watch the mighty sweep of the centuries from the full domination of Imperial Rome, through its decadence, its new rise into greatness and grandeur as the concentration of the power of the Christian hierarchy, its second and more fatal decay, its death and dissolution, when in the eighteenth century bleeding Italy was rent to fragments and dispersed among the nations of the earth "a hissing and a byeword."

A wondrous throb of life succeeds that ghastly, deathly silence. It is the throe of a new birth that grows stronger, fuller, sharper, till new Italy, United Italy, the beautiful daughter of the ancient mother of nations, springs into life, to round and complete, let us hope, the destiny that has heretofore named her mighty and blessed.

Mr. Abbott's Napoleonic sympathies are such as might be expected from his antecedents. He sees in the great conqueror's descent upon Italy the beneficent mission of a saviour and deliverer. Napoleon's downfall alone, according to Mr. Abbott, prevented the fulfillment at that time of all that those who loved her could hope for her. Yet even if we could grant all that he assumes of the beneficent aims of the conqueror of Italy, we should not regret his failure to carry them out. She alone must work out her salvation. No earthly power could breathe the breath of life into her dead nostrils till her own life throbbed again within her. Not yet is all accomplished that we look for, but soon we trust to greet her full clothed and in her right mind, taking her queenly seat among the nations.

Tom Browne at Oxford. Part Second: Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

The Silent Woman. By the author of "King's Cope," &c. Published by T. H. O. P. Burnham, Boston.

Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa; With accounts of the manners and customs of the people, and of the chase of the Gorilla, the Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other animals. By Paul B. Du Chaillu, Cor. Member of the American Ethnological Society; of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York; and of the Boston Society of Natural History. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A highly entertaining book, as one would expect from the rich field of discovery it chronicles, the previously untrodden ground of equatorial Africa. We see from the map included in this volume that the space to which Du Chaillu's researches were limited, is very small compared with the whole continent, but the number of animals peculiar to this section is remarkable.

The traveller says:—"In this comparatively narrow belt is found that monstrous and ferocious ape, the gorilla. Here, too, and here only, is the home of the very remarkable nest-building ape, the *Troglodytes Calvus*, the *nshiego mbouve* of the natives; of the hitherto unknown *kooloo kamba*, another ape no less remarkable than the *Troglodytes calvus*, and of the chimpanzee. North, south, and east of this region, the lion lords it in the forests and the desert; only in this tract he is not found. Here, too, I discovered no less than twenty new species of quadrupeds, and upward of sixty new species of birds, many as strange as others were beautiful."

The book is profusely and handsomely illustrated. Of course the gorilla figures conspicuously, as being the greatest curiosity of which the traveller had to tell. He is the largest, strongest and fiercest of the tribe of apes—in anatomical structure very closely approaching humanity, but in the countenance and form of the head less like man than some other species. The head of the kooloo-kamba, a picture of which is given, is almost exactly like that of a negro. They come close, but the gulf between man and beast is still high as heaven, deep as hell. Impassable between them lies the Word—"God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul."

Among the curious customs of the natives is the way of making a king among the Mpongwe tribe. They choose one secretly, and the first hint to the favored candidate is given by the whole populace crowding round and showering upon him all manner of abuse in word and action. When they have taken full satisfaction in this way, they proceed to crown him, and promise obedience henceforth.

One of the most important exports of this part of the country is India rubber. "The caoutchouc of Africa is obtained from a vine (called *dambo* by the natives), and not from a tree. This vine is of immense length, and has singularly few leaves, and only at the extremity of the vine. The leaves are broad, dark green and lance shaped. The bark is rough and of a brownish hue. A large vine is often five inches in diameter at the base. To get the best India rubber, the milk must be taken from the incision in the bark, without wounding the wood, as this has a juice of its own, which, mixing with the milk, spoils it."

We should not think it could be necessary, under the equator, to build fires for warmth, but it seems to be the case. Du Chaillu says—"We stretched ourselves with our feet to the fires, and wrapped up, I in my blankets, and the men in whatever they could get together of leaves and grass. No wonder the poor fellows love a fire. They are very lightly dressed, and the winds here, near the equator as it is, in the dry season are very bleak and cold when the sun is not up to warm them. I could not rest well for cold, though I had a thick blanket about me.";

The book abounds in lively stories both of men and animals. These have been made the subject of a sharp discussion in the British Ethnological Society, some members questioning M. Du Chaillu's veracity. For ourselves, we do not see, in an impartial reading of the book, anything so improbable as to start a doubt. It has every appearance of being a faithful transcript of events. The traveller and his accusers will no doubt settle the matter in time.

History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. 2. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., 724 Chestnut street, Philada.

Primary Object Lessons for a Graduated Course of Development. A Manual for Teachers and Parents. By N. A. Calkins. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Seasons with the Sea Horses; or, Sporting Adventures in the Northern Seas. By James Lamont, F. G. S. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott, & Co., Phila.

Framley Parsonage. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Doctor Thorne," &c. With Illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Carthage and Her Remains: Being an account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa and other adjacent places, Conducted under the Auspices of Her Majesty's Government, by Dr. N. Davis, F. R. G. S., &c. With Illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

History of Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI., of England. By Jacob Abbott. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

The Uprising of a Great People. The United States in 1861. Translated from the French of Count Agenor de Gasparin, by Mary E. Booth. Published by Chas. Scribner, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Fifth Reader. By Marcius Willson. Published by Harper & Bros.; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Social Significance of Our Institutions. An Oration delivered by request of the citizens of Newport, R. I., July 4, 1861, by Henry James. Published by Ticknor & Field, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Lost Tribes of Israel; or The First of the Red Men. Philada., 1861.

A Day's Ride. A Life's Romance. By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Harper's Greek and Latin Texts. Three more volumes of this "cheap and accurate" edition of the Classics. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Periodicals. Atlantic Monthly—Harper's Magazine—Godey's Lady's Book—Arthur's Home Magazine—Westminster Review for July—Blackwood's Magazine, &c.

THE RULING RACE.

From the Richmond Whig, July 29.

We are too close and too much influenced by the great events which are passing, to indulge much in philosophizing. But the rout and dispersion, at the great pitched battle near Manassas, brings into bold relief the great fact that the Yankees are humbugs, and that the *white people* of the slaveholding States are the true masters—the real rulers of this continent. Under every disadvantage on our side, the preparations for that combat were made. The Northern States had seized upon all the common property of the partnership, they monopolized the whole navy and army, and all the material, with the entire machinery of Government in full operation, and boasted that they had an inexhaustible supply of men and money to wage an interminable war. For months, with all these advantages, they have been diligently engaged in organizing their forces.

Under the direction of the most vaunted military character of the age—not of their creation, though—for they have never produced a genius capable of anything beyond arranging a hotel, or working a steam engine, or directing some base mechanical contrivance—they expended millions of money and drilled armies of 300,000, and equipped them in a style unheard of in the annals of war.—They met the rude and poorly equipped *volunteers* of the Southern States, drawn from their peaceful vocations for the first time, to the theatre of war; and they are routed and slain by the thousand, and driven like chaff before a high wind. Though guided by the highest military talent—of Virginia, short-grass growth—they have nothing to rely upon but their numbers, and that, in the flight, proves an element of weakness.

The fact is, the Yankees are very little better than Chinese. They lay the same stress on the jingle of their dollars that the Celestials do on the noise of their gongs. Originally endowed with no single amiable trait, they have cultivated the arts of money-getting and cheating, until gain has become their God, and they imagine it to be omnipotent. With money in their pockets, won from a generous and chivalrous race—and multitudinous as Norway rats, they are swollen with conceit, and fancied that they were fit for empire. And yet they do not possess one gentlemanly attribute, nor a single talent that qualified them for war. Of the very first elements they are destitute. They don't even know how to ride a horse—a talent only to be acquired in youth and gentle avocations. And as to arms, ninety-nine out of a hundred never shot a gun, and we have it on very good authority that Old Scott lost all patience in attempting to teach them how to load a gun. The vile old wretch! He reaps a just reward for his treason and his talents misapplied.

The break-down of the Yankees, their utter unfitness for empire, forces dominion upon us of the South. We are compelled to take the sceptre, and it is our duty to prepare ourselves to wield it with dignity and effect. We must adapt ourselves to our destinies. We must elevate our race, every man of it—breed them up to arms, to command—to empire.—The art military should constitute a leading part of every white man's education. The right of voting should be a high privilege to be enjoyed only by those who are worthy to exercise it. In a word, the whole white population of the South should be brought into a high-toned aristocracy, duly impressed with a sense of its superiority to Yankee trickery; and of its own functions, and its obligations to freedom and civilization.

Engagement at Dug Springs.—General Lyon recently met the enemy at Dug Springs, south of Springfield, Missouri. Seeing a regiment of infantry coming along the road, the lieutenant of a scouting party of U. S. cavalry ordered a charge, which resulted in killing 30 of the rebels and wounding 40.

A large body of the enemy's cavalry, which had taken a position on the high ground, to observe our position and strengthen their forces, were dispersed by a few shells from Totten's battery, wounding some thirty of them.

At the last accounts, Gen. Lyon with his forces had fallen back on Springfield, having reached there on Monday morning, and was preparing for a vigorous defence. The rebels were advancing by four different roads, and their advance was ascertained to be from 10 to 15 miles distant.

General Lyon had called on 2,500 of the Home Guards from the country around Springfield.

It was expected that the enemy would make an immediate attack, from the fact that their Commissariat Department was in a miserable condition, they being obliged to depend upon forced contributions for temporary supplies. It was generally remarked in Springfield, that Gen. Lyon was perfectly confident of success in case of an attack. He had no entrenchments, but would depend upon his splendid artillery in the open field. Fifty wagons, laden with provisions, had reached him.

Mrs. Barrett Browning's Parentage.—A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian corrects a current statement that Mrs. Browning's father was a city merchant. He says:—

Edward Moulton Barrett now deceased, was a country gentleman, and was never engaged in business. When a minor, he inherited a handsome fortune from his maternal grandfather, and took the name of Barrett by royal sign manual, in the usual way, in addition to his patronymic Moulton. He had a beautiful homestead called Hope End, beneath the Malvern hills in Herefordshire, in which county he served high sheriff in 1814. He rebuilt the mansion and embellished the park and grounds of Hope End; and in that fairy dwelling the poetess, his daughter, passed her happy childhood and the days of her early womanhood. All this is well known in our neighborhood. Mr. Barrett had estates in Jamaica, the produce of which was, of course, sold in London. This may account for the misstatement having got abroad.

☞ Beware how you have dealings with a man taller than yourself; he can always overreach you.

GENERAL BUTLER

ON THE CONTRABAND QUESTION.

Gen. Butler has written the following letter to the War Department relative to the conduct to be pursued towards the fugitive slaves:—

Head-Quarters Department of Va.,
Fortress Monroe, July 30, 1861.

"*Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War*—Sir:—By an order received on the morning of the 26th of July, from Major-General Dix, by a telegraphic order from Lieut. Gen. Scott, I was commanded to forward, of the troops of this department, four regiments and a half, including Col. Baker's California regiment, to Washington via Baltimore. This order reached me at 2 o'clock A. M., by special boat from Baltimore. Believing that it emanated because of some pressing exigency for the defence of Washington, I issued my orders before daybreak for the embarkation of the troops, sending those who were among the very best regiments I had. In the course of the following day they were all embarked for Baltimore with the exception of some 400 for whom I had not transportation, although I had all the transport force in the hands of the Quartermaster here, to aid the Bay line of steamers, which, by the same order from the Lieutenant General was directed to furnish transportation. Up to and at the time of the order, I had been preparing for an advance movement by which I hoped to cripple the resources of the enemy at Yorktown, and especially by seizing a large quantity of negroes who were being pressed into their service in building the entrenchments there. I had five days previously been enabled to mount for the first time, the first company of Light Artillery which I had been empowered to raise, and they had but a single rifled cannon, an iron six-pounder. Of course, everything must and did yield to the supposed exigency and the orders. This ordering away these troops from this department, while it weakened the posts at Newport News, necessitated the withdrawal of the troops from Hampton, where I was then throwing up entrenched works to enable me to hold the town with a small force, while I advanced up the York or James river. In the village of Hampton there were a large number of negroes, composed in a great measure of women and children of the men who had fled thither within my lines for protection, who had escaped from marauding parties of rebels who had been gathering up able-bodied blacks to aid them in constructing their batteries on the James and York rivers. I had employed the men in Hampton in throwing up entrenchments, and they were working zealously and efficiently at that duty, saving our soldiers from that labor under the gleam of the mid-day sun. The women were earning substantially their own subsistence in washing, marketing, and taking care of the clothes of the soldiers, and rations were being served out to the men who worked for the support of the children. But by the evacuation of Hampton, rendered necessary by the withdrawal of troops, leaving me scarcely 5,000 men outside the Fort, including the force at Newport News, all these black people were obliged to break up their homes at Hampton, fleeing across the creek within my lines for protection and support. Indeed it was a most distressing sight, to see these poor creatures, who had trusted to the protection of the arms of the United States, and who aided the troops of the United States in their enterprise, to be thus obliged to flee from their homes, and the homes of their masters, who had deserted them, and become not fugitives from fear of the return of the rebel soldiery, who had threatened to shoot the men who had wrought for us, and to carry off the women, who had served us to a worse than Egyptian bondage. I have, therefore, now within the Peninsula, this side of Hampton Creek, 900 negroes, 300 of whom are able-bodied men, 30 of whom are men substantially past hard labor, 175 women, 225 children under the age of 10 years, and 170 between 10 and 18 years, and many more coming in. The questions which this state of facts present are very embarrassing.

"First—What shall be done with them?—and Second—What is their state and condition?

"Upon these questions I desire the instructions of the Department.

"The first question, however, may perhaps be answered by considering the last. Are these men, women and children slaves? Are they free? Is their condition that of men, women and children, or of property, or is it a mixed relation? What their *status* was under the Constitution and laws, we all know. What has been the effect of rebellion and a state of war upon that *status?* When I adopted the theory of treating the able-bodied negro fit to work in the trenches, as property liable to be used in aid of rebellion, and so contraband of war, that condition of things was in so far met as I then and still believe, on a legal and constitutional basis. But now a new series of questions arise. Passing by women, the children certainly cannot be treated on that basis; if property, they must be considered the incumbrance, rather than the auxiliary of an army, and, of course, in no possible legal relation, could be treated as contraband. Are they property? If they were so, they have been left by their masters and owners, deserted, thrown away, abandoned, like the wrecked vessel upon the ocean. Their former possessors and owners have causelessly, traitorously, rebelliously, and, to carry out the figure, practically abandoned them to be swallowed up by the winter storm of starvation. If property, do they not become the property of the salvors? but we, their salvors, do not need and will not hold such property, and will assume no such ownership; has not, therefore, all proprietary relation ceased? Have they not become, thereupon, men, women and children? No longer under ownership of any kind, the fearful relicts of fugitive masters, have they not, by their masters' acts, and the state of war, assumed the condition, which we hold to be the normal one, of those made in God's image? Is not every constitutional, legal, and moral requirement, as well to the runaway master as their relinquished slaves, thus answered? I confess that my own mind is compelled, by this reasoning, to look upon them as men and women. If not free born, yet free, manumitted, sent forth from the hand that held them, never to be reclaimed.

"Of course, if this reasoning thus imperfectly set forth is correct, my duty as a humane man is very plain. I should take the same care of these men, women and children, houseless, homeless, and unprovided for, as I would of the same number of men, women and children who, for their attachment to the Union, had been driven or allowed to flee from the Confederate States. I should have no doubt on this question, had I not seen it stated that an order had been issued by General McDowell in his department, substantially forbidding all fugitive slaves from coming within his lines, or being harbored there. Is that order to be enforced in all Military Departments? If so, who are to be considered fugitive slaves? Is a slave to be considered fugitive whose master runs away and leaves him? Is it forbidden to the troops to aid or harbor within their lines the negro children who are found therein, or is the soldier, when his march has destroyed their means of subsistence, to allow them to starve because he has driven off the rebel master? Nor shall the commander of regiment or battalion sit in judgment upon the question, whether any given black man has fled from his master, or his master fled from him? Indeed, how are the free born to be distinguished? Is one any more or less a fugitive slave because he has labored upon the rebel entrenchments? If he has so labored, as I understand it, he is to be harbored. By the reception of which are the rebels most to be distressed, by taking those who have wrought all their rebel masters desired, masked their battery, or those who have refused to labor and left the battery unmasked?

"I have very decided opinions upon the subject of this order. It does not become me to criticise it, and I write in no spirit of criticism, but simply to explain the full difficulties that surround the enforcing it. If the enforcement of that order becomes the policy of the Government, I, as a soldier, shall be bound to enforce it steadfastly, if not cheerfully. But if left to my own discretion, as you may have gathered from my reasoning, I should take a widely different course from that which it indicates.

"*In a loyal State I would put down a servile insurrection. In a state of rebellion I would confiscate that which was used to oppose my arms, and take all that property, which constituted the wealth of that State and furnished the means by which the war is prosecuted, besides being the cause of the war; and if in so doing, it should be objected that human beings were brought to the free enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, such objection might not require much consideration.*

"Pardon me for addressing the Secretary of War directly upon this question, as it involves some political considerations as well as propriety of military action.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Benjamin F. Butler."

Fugitive Slaves.—In answer to General Butler, the War Department has written a letter, the most important sentence of which is as follows:—

"Under these circumstances it seems quite clear that the substantial rights of loyal masters will be best protected by receiving such fugitives, as well as fugitives from disloyal masters, into the service of the United States and employing them under such organizations and in such occupations as circumstances may suggest or require. Of course a record should be kept, showing the name and description of the fugitives, the name and character (as loyal or disloyal) of the master, and such facts as may be necessary to a correct understanding of the circumstances of such case, after tranquillity shall have been restored. Upon the return of peace, Congress will doubtless properly provide for all the persons thus received into the service of the Union, and for a just compensation to the loyal masters. In this way only, it would seem, can the duty and safety of the Government and the just rights of all be fully reconciled and harmonized."

New Generals Confirmed by the Senate.—The Senate confirmed only two Major-Generals for the Regular Army, namely:—McClellan and Fremont, and Brigadier-Generals Mansfield, McDowell, Rosencranz, Anderson, Meigs, and Thomas—the last named as Adjutant-General.

The following is a correct list of the confirmations of the highest officer commanding the volunteers, as copied from the official record:—

Major-Generals—Banks, Dix, and Butler.

Brigadier-Generals—McCall, Curtis, Kearney, Reynolds, King, Siegel, Heintzleman, Porter, Franklin, Stone, Thomas, W. Sherman, Hooker, Lander, Baker, Kelly, Lyon, Pope, Cox, Hurlbut, Schenck, Prentiss, Grant, Couch, Governor Sprague, Burnside, Montgomery (N. J.) Philips (Vt.) Williams (Mich.) Hunter, W. T. Sherman, Buell, Oakes, Hamilton (Wis.) and McClernand.

A number of these gentlemen are regular army officers, while others have received a military education. All the navy nominations were confirmed, a few captains and lieutenants excepted.

Garibaldi.—The great Garibaldi has tendered his services to the Federal Government. The correspondence in which the offer was made and accepted took place between the American Consul at Genoa and Secretary Seward. The offer, of course, was accepted, and the rank of Major-General tendered to the noble Italian. (Doubtful.)

Richmond, August 9, via New Orleans, August 10.—The papers of this morning semi-officially announce that Admiral Dundas intends to take his fleet into Charleston regardless of the prohibition of the U. S. Government. The British Consul here states that he has no official authority for such a statement.

Interesting to Deserters.—Hereafter all deserters from the army are to be arrested by the police or citizens, taken to Governor's Island, and tried by court martial. In case a citizen captures a deserter, he will receive the sum of thirty dollars, which will be deducted from the pay of the soldier. Every soldier who loses his gun, whether in cowardly throwing it away on the field of battle, or through neglect, is to have $12, the price of the gun, deducted from his pay. This will show the men that guns are not toys to be thrown away whenever it is inconvenient to carry them.

An unlucky private in one of the New York regiments was wounded in the late battle, and his father arrived at the hospital just as the surgeon was removing the ball from the back of his shoulder. The boy lay with his face downward on the pallet. "Ah, my poor son!" said the father, mournfully, "I'm very sorry for you. But it's a bad place to be hit in—thus *in the back!*" The sufferer turned over, bared his breast, and pointed to the opening above the arm-pit, exclaimed, "Father, there's where the ball went in!"

Slave Prisoners Released.—Orders were issued from the War department recently, for the liberation of all slaves in prison at Alexandria, and for their employment in the construction of fortifications, paying them for their work as day laborers. It is understood that the Cabinet have decided that all slaves, in all places and territories occupied by our armies, are to be so liberated, employed, and paid.

Panic in an Army is not a novelty in warfare. The best disciplined troops of Europe have been guilty of them far less excusably than our men in Virginia. Such was the famous flight of French and Sardinian troops from Castiglione to Brescia, the day after the great battle of Solferino. There the successful soldiers were resting from the fatigues of the fight, when five Austrians who had been hidden in the bushes came out into the open field to surrender themselves. Instantly the cry of "The Austrians are coming!" was raised. From that simple incident arose a panic. For 17 miles, all the way to Brescia, the road was filled with a flying mass of horse and foot; wagons and ambulances were emptied of their wounded, and everybody seemed beside themselves with terror. Some fifteen thousand men were engaged in this panic, and the loss of life from it was very considerable.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Pay of Volunteers.—Congress passed the bill increasing the pay of volunteers, making it $13 per month instead of $11. The proposition to make it $15 failed, and $13 was a compromise measure.

The Bull Run Fight.—A rebel officer, giving an account to the Richmond Dispatch of the Bull Run fight, says:—"There is no earthly doubt that our army was *overcome several times between twelve and three*, and that the bulletins sent by the enemy are in main correct; but alas! 'the best laid plans of men and mice aft gang agley'—and in this instance, verily, was there a great 'slip between the cup and the lip.'"

A private letter from a trustworthy source in Virginia declares that the rebels have 1,100 Columbiads—stolen from the Norfolk Navy Yard—planted in various positions to guard the approach to Richmond, and that between two and three hundred Columbiads are now mounted upon the heights of Manassas.

The Comet.—It will be recollected that several distinguished astronomers announced, from their calculations of the orbit of the comet lately visible, that it must have been a brilliant object in the southern hemisphere before making its appearance in our skies.—We now learn from the Panama Star that its first appearance in Lima, twelve deg. south of the equator, was on the 10th of July, while it was first seen here on the 30th of June.—*N. Y. World.*

Charles H. Tyler, formerly captain in the United States Army, now a Lieutenant Colonel in the rebel army, has been captured in Cincinnati. He is a nephew of ex-President Tyler.

Forty counties in Kentucky elect but two secessionists to the State Legislature. Three-fourths of each House will be Union men.

At Ailes, in France, lately, an elephant belonging to an American travelling circus broke out of a stable in which he had been confined for the night, and made such a tremendous meal in an adjoining field of ripe clover, that he became horribly swollen, and died in a few hours.

India Cotton.—In the House of Commons on the 25th, Sir C. Wood made some financial explanations relative to India, and asked for discretionary power to borrow five millions sterling for railway purposes. He said the Government had evinced great anxiety to develope the resources of India as a cotton producing country. He believed the result would be that, ultimately, England would be rendered independent of America for cotton. This year the supply of cotton from India would be about 300,000 bales, more than ever before.

Big Peach Orchard in Ohio.—A gentleman in the neighborhood of Middletown, in Butler county, has a peach orchard occupying sixty acres of ground, upon which there are growing some ten thousand trees, all loaded with the best grafted fruit. Estimating the yield at one and a-half bushels to the tree, he cannot have less than from fourteen to fifteen thousand bushels of peaches the present season. But to be within the mark, say he has ten thousand bushels, and sells them at $1, the yield will be $10,000, a fortune few men realize in a lifetime. Plant fruit trees.

A scarcity of farm laborers exists in Minnesota and Wisconsin, owing to the greater breadth of land sown in grain, and the number of active men gone to the war. Good hands can readily get from $1,50 to $2 per day. There will also be a demand for help for the fall work. Female domestics are scarce, and can readily obtain employment in all the river towns.

The officer of "high rank" who is reported to have been found by the rebels on the field at Bull Run, with $750 in gold on his person, proves to have been Quartermaster O'Brien. Probably, as the rebels do not often see that much gold now, they thought poor O'Brien must be some great General.

The New Orleans Crescent of the 25th ult., spoils the story set afloat by the Memphis Avalanche, that fifty thousand stand of arms had reached there from England, having been landed at Berwick's Bay from the steamer Sumter. It says there is no truth in it.

The Failure in New York.—The liabilities of Claflin, Mellen & Co., of New York, it is now ascertained, are near four millions, of which about a million is "bank debt." The surplus of the firm is probably not over a million and a quarter, as on the 1st of January last the yearly statement showed an excess of but two millions.

Execution of Armstrong.—The execution of Thomas J. Armstrong, for the murder of Robert Crawford, took place in this city on Friday, the 9th, at 17 minutes past eleven o'clock, at the Moyamensing Prison. Armstrong made a confession a few days before his death, throwing the guilt upon two others, who are believed to be entirely innocent.

Mrs. Lincoln, says the New York Tribune, has gone with her family, excepting the President, to Long Branch, New Jersey, where summer quarters have been engaged for her.

The New York State Democratic Committee has rejected the proposal of the Republican Committee to form a Union ticket. It has called a State Convention, and adopted a resolution declaring that, while the war should be vigorously prosecuted, the United States Government ought to hold out terms of peace and accommodation to the dissevered States, assuring them of all their rights under the Constitution.

A Peace Convention has been held in Litchfield, Conn., at which it was resolved that a vigorous prosecution of the war, with all the men and means the Government can command, was the surest and most speedy way to attain the desired peace.

The First Regiment of Pennsylvania Artillery has arrived in Washington. Their guns consist of thirty-two rifled cannon, six, twelve, and twenty-four pounders. They number nine hundred men, and are commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, a gallant officer, who served with distinction in the Mexican war.

The *Democratic Standard*, of secession proclivities, published at Concord, N. H., having published an article reflecting on the soldiers, the returned volunteers and others demanded a retraction, and the Palmers (editors and proprietors,) shook pistols and axes out of the windows, and dared the mob. While the city authorities endeavored to quell the disturbance, the Palmers fired four shots, wounding two soldiers. The office was immediately gutted, and the materials burned in the street. The Palmers took refuge in the attic, but were finally carried to the police station and protected by the police, though with great difficulty.

Congressional Appropriations.—It appears, from the data of the Committee of Ways and Means, that the total amount of the appropriations at the recent session are $275,000,000. Of this, $197,000,000 are for the army, $35,000,000 for the navy, and the remainder for various other purposes.

Nicaragua Cotton.—The first cargo of native cotton, consisting of thirty bales, was shipped from Nicaragua to Panama a few days ago. The cotton was grown by an American named Russel, who expects to have a large crop next year.

☞ It would be well if we had less medicine and more cures; less profession and more piety; less law and more justice.

IN MAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My heart o'erflowed with gladness;
I rose with the rising day,
And wandered through dewy meadows,
Green in the glory of May.

Apple blooms and violets
Scented the budding grove,
And in my happy bosom
Blossom'd the rose of love.

No word of my treasured secret
I uttered, far or near;
I whispered it not to the meadows,
And not in the wood's green ear;

But the roguish skylark divined it,
And bore it away on high,
And sang my timid secret
Abroad through the blushing sky!

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

THE GAME OF CHESS EN QUATRE.

FROM THE LONDON WELCOME GUEST.

The Paris magazines for several months past have been introducing a new game of chess, and as we believe this game is neither known nor understood in London, we propose to give as correct an idea of it as we can collect. In some parts of the continent, especially in Russia, the double game is much admired and very generally played. As a *science* it is inferior, perhaps, to the common game, but as a source of amusement, it is in many respects preferable, combining, as it does, all the sociableness of whist, with the engrossing interest of the single game of chess.

At this game four parties play—two upon each side. The board required is the common chess-board, with three rows of squares added to each side of it, making an addition of ninety-six squares, and a total of one hundred and sixty. At this board the players sit, as at a whist table, those opposite to each other being partners. On the extreme rows two sets of chessmen are placed—one set being wooden, the other ivory; or it is sufficient if a difference of color render them easily distinguishable from each other, so as to prevent confusion and mistakes. The position of the sets is precisely the same as in the common game, with this difference, that the several queens occupy a white square. The movements are also the same as in the single game, with two exceptions, in respect to the pawns. First, they advance only one step at a time; and secondly, when one of your pawns meets the pawn of your partner, whereby the progress of yours is impeded, you may push forward, by occupying the square either on the right or left; after which it resumes a direct course.

The principles of the double game are nearly identical with those of the single game; but the mode of playing differs in several respects. Each player moves in rotation from the left to the right. Partners pursue one common plan, and support each other when acting either on the offensive or defensive. When opening the game, each player directs the main force of his attack against his opponent on the left. The wing being, in this game, the most vulnerable part, you never castle. When you are in mate, (your partner having an open field) you do not thereby lose the game—you merely lose the faculty of playing until your partner repels the attack, or until relieved by one of your opponents; and while in this situation, your men remain in the same position in which they were when the check was given, until the mate be removed. Nor, in the meantime, can any of your pieces be captured by the adversary, as your forces would be thereby too much reduced. Your partner, besides, in having to maintain the combined attack of two opponents, is already laboring under sufficient distress. But your opponents may take shelter under your men, and even place their kings so as to be in check from a piece or pawn of yours; this being permitted in consequence of your having lost the power of moving. You ought to be constantly on the watch to give check to your opponent on the right, when any of his pieces are exposed to your partner opposite, because in that case your opponent must either remove from, or cover check, and then your partner takes the piece exposed to him; and you ought to omit no opportunity of giving check to the queen of your opponent on the left, when it is in your partner's power to give your opponent's king check by his next move. A good player is always on the lookout for an advantage of this kind.

In order to co-operate effectually with your partner in any attack meditated by him, you must endeavor to penetrate into and support his plans. If, for instance, he make an attack with his queen (which is in this game an invaluable piece) it will be your business to cover her with a knight; or you will assail the opponent against whom your partner's attack is directed; or you will remove the obstacles which may oppose themselves to the attack; or you will set upon your other opponent, and, by keeping him at bay, prevent him from affording his partner any assistance. The moment one of your opponents is in check, you and your partner should concentrate your forces upon your other opponent, boldly attacking his principal officers, and sacrificing for them inferior ones of your army. By this means you may frequently give your adversary the *coup de grace* before he has done you any serious mischief.

The players are allowed to call the attention of their partners in general terms to the situation of the game in four different ways, the party whose turn it is to play being entitled to make use of any of the following sentences:—1. *I am in danger.* 2. *You are in danger.* 3. *You have a good move.* 4. *Enter into my plan.* These expressions must not be repeated after your partner has touched a piece.

When a pawn reaches the extreme line opposite, it is entitled to the rank of an officer; and to the same promotion when, by taking any of the pieces of either of your adversaries, it attains the last line on the right or left.

These, we think, are the points mainly to be attended to in this game. In Russia, it is played under a strict observance of a variety of laws and rules, which we could not insert in this paper, without too much increasing its length.

When the players happen to be pretty equally matched, the game is intensely interesting. It demands the most vigilant attention, not only to carry into effect your own plans, but to penetrate those of your partner; to co-operate efficiently with him in all his movements; to discover the covert plots and ambuscades of your adversaries, and often a great exertion of skill to thwart and defeat them. Owing to the greater complexity of the game, and its extensive ramifications, it is much more difficult to play it *well*, than it is to manage the common one; but it is said that in the Paris clubs an indifferent hand at the single game often excels at the double one. We confidently recommend the game to the lovers of chess, and believe it to be well worthy of a place in the London Chess Clubs.

The game has only a slight drawback; you are liable to be excessively provoked when your partner does not succeed in discovering your object in making a good move, and so fail to co-operate with you; and also when he makes any serious blunder, you feel mortified and vexed, when perhaps, you have been guilty of the same errors yourself. As in whist, or any other plural game, the effect of *Chess en Quatre* is, of course, greatly heightened by each gentleman having for a partner a young lady. Besides rendering the game more pleasant, gallantry prevents any irritation that might otherwise arise. But, reader, with whomsoever you play, it is very necessary to keep in mind the golden rule of chess, "*Keep your temper, and if you cannot gain a victory over your adversary, gain one over yourself.*"

THE CONDUCT OF OUR SOLDIERS.

Napoleon Bonaparte once remarked, "It has been said that the victories of the French Republic were won by the new volunteers, who were inexperienced in war. There could be no greater mistake: they were won by the 180,000 old soldiers of the monarchy. You will not soon see me going to war with recruits." The same opinion of the inefficiency of raw levies has been held by nearly all experienced officers.

The case is entirely changed, however, if the troops can be placed behind breast-works; there they are apt to fight well. At Bunker Hill our troops were perfectly steady until the British got inside the lines, but then they ran as fast as their legs could carry them, in spite of all the endeavors of the officers to arrest them; Gen. Putnam especially wasting a great many oaths in the effort. No braver commander ever lived than Gen. Jackson, and in his dispatches before the battle of New Orleans he says distinctly that he shall not suffer his soldiers to fight until he can place them behind entrenchments.

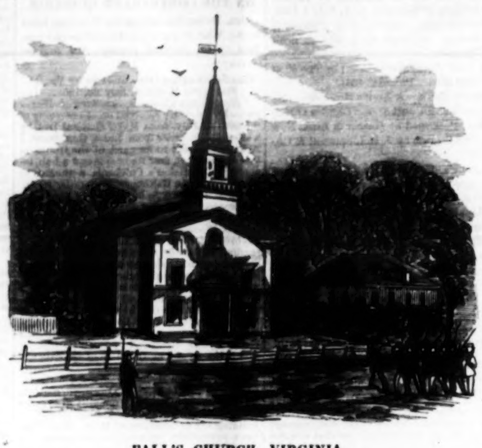
The principal objection brought against volunteers is, that they are more subject to *panics* than veteran troops, and especially that when a panic commences it is more apt to spread to the whole army. This danger is sufficiently great in the oldest and best disciplined armies. As a general rule, when the lines are once broken the whole army takes to flight in utter confusion. The cases are rare in which any portion of an army has resisted the contagion of a panic occurring in another portion. The conduct of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo forms one of these exceptions, and that conduct will never be mentioned but with a thrill of pride by any Frenchman to the latest generation. After the rest of the army had fled in frantic terror, the Imperial Guard stood firm amidst their foes, refusing either to retreat or to surrender.

Now, the fact to which we wish to call attention, which the whole community ought to understand and to appreciate, is this:—When our troops were under a murderous fire, and though thousands of their comrades were running in wild confusion from the field, *several of the regiments did not catch the contagion*, but marched off the field only in obedience to the commands of their officers, preserving their thinned ranks in perfect order.

In all our reading of history we have never seen this conduct paralleled by a large army of soldiers in their *first* battle.—*Scientific American.*

Desgenettes, the Great French Army Physician.—On leaving Egypt, he followed Napoleon throughout all his campaigns, as far as, and including, Waterloo. At Moscow, when the Emperor wished to turn the children out of a foundling hospital, in order to use it for military purposes, Desgenettes succeeded in dissuading him, by telling him that he would be hereafter compared to Herod massacring the innocents. In the retreat from Moscow, he was made prisoner; he immediately wrote to the Emperor Alexander, declaring that, for his impartial attention to the sick of all nations and creeds, as they had fallen into his hands, he was entitled to the *gratitude* of Europe. In reply, he received a letter acknowledging his claims to the *good wishes* of Europe, giving him his liberty, and a guard of honor to the advanced posts of the French army, which was then in Prussia.

For Parents.—Do all in your power to teach children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frank good humor. If indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming besetting sins.



FALL'S CHURCH, VIRGINIA.

This church, so long the advanced post of our army at Washington, and which has been the scene of several picket skirmishes, was built over 150 years ago, in 1709—and rebuilt, as an inscription on the wall informs us, by the late "Lord" Fairfax, whose son, the present "Lord" Fairfax, is supposed to be serving in the rebel army. The title of Lord, we may observe, is still given to the representative of the family. The inscription on the old church reads as follows:

"Henry Fairfax, an accomplished gentleman, an upright magistrate, a sincere Christian, died in command of the Fairfax Volunteers at Saltillo, Mexico, 1847. But for his munificence this church might still have been a ruin."

Service was held in the old church some weeks since, by the Rev. Dr. Mines, Chaplain of the Second Maine Regiment; most of the Union troops in the neighborhood being present. For our sketch we are indebted to *Harper's Weekly.*

LAMBETH PALACE.

Residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

(See Engraving on First Page.)

This princely building is the residence of the Most Reverend John Bird Sumner, D. D., Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England. The Archbishop is in the 81st year of his age.

Lambeth Palace is about six hundred years old, and during that length of time it has been the London residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and the place in which they have all been consecrated to the solemn duties of the primacy. There is a tower, a hall, a chapel, a gate-house, and a guard room.—The building is encircled with walls and surrounded by gardens. Adjoining to it is the old church of St. Mary, Lambeth, and the scene presented by the palace, the church, and the walks, as seen from the river, is one of the most picturesque in or about London.

Archbishop Boniface built the chapel at Lambeth, the oldest part of the palace; Archbishop Chicheley built the tower, the oldest brickwork in England since the Roman period; Archbishop Morton built the gate-house of red brick faced with white stone; Archbishop Juxon built the hall; Archbishop Bancroft began the library; Archbishop Laud added an oak screen; and Archbishop Howley, the predecessor of the present primate, erected the modern residence, from designs by Blore. This modern residence is the only habitable part of the palace; it looks out on the gardens, which are thirty acres in extent, and very well kept.

The gate-house and guard room are especially remarkable for the elaborate carving of the roofs; the beautiful groining and timber arches are particularly deserving of notice.—They were erected towards the middle of the fifteenth century, and were used by the Archbishop's retainers, when soldiery were sometimes needed to save even the primate from popular violence.

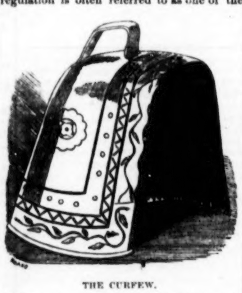
The chapel of the palace—the most ancient portion of the building—is seventy-two feet long by twenty-five feet wide. The style is early English, with lancet windows and a crypt, thirty-six feet long, by twenty-four feet wide. The stained glass windows and the restoration of the roof were executed at the expense of Archbishop Howley, the splendid windows of the ancient structure having been destroyed in the civil wars, and feelingly lamented by Archbishop Laud. The oak screen in the chapel bears the arms of the last-named primate, at whose cost it was erected. Before the altar is the grave of Archbishop Parker, and within the chapel have been consecrated forty-three Archbishops, and more than one hundred and fifty Bishops.

The singular structure which bears the name of the Lollards' Tower, on account of its having been used as a prison for early English Protestants, is a square, massive building of brick, the chief object of interest in it being the prison room, in which the unfortunate victims of religious persecution were confined. It has been doubted whether the room was ever used for such a purpose; but the iron rings in the walls, to which prisoners were chained—the inscriptions on the walls, here a name and there a prayer—speak too plainly to be mistaken. Here, doubtless, many an unhappy sufferer has been immured for faith and conscience sake—has known the cruel mocking and scourging which were but the prelude of the stake; here, doubtless, many a Christian man has passed the vigil of his fiery death, and thought—with galled limbs and lacerated back—of prisoners who were once shut up at Philippi, and raised their midnight hymn of praise to God. They may have thought of earthquake-shaken prisons, of converted gaolers and humiliated authority, and wondered whether Lambeth walls would tremble at the wrath of Heaven, or whether it were better they should die, openly confessing the truth amid the flames, willing, doubtless, to live or die in loving obedience to Him whose servants they felt themselves to be. The Lollards' Tower has many a strange old story associated with it; and if the stones could cry out of the walls, how many a terrible tragedy—how many a glorious triumph might be added to our martyrologies!

Heaven be praised, the days of persecution are over! No fear of some schismatic being shut up in the Lollards' Tower now for daring to differ from the learned primate in matters theological; no fear that Baptists or Independents, or Methodists or Mormons, or people of any shade or no shade of religious or of irreligious opinion, should taste a fiery trial; no fear that even beneath the condemnation of Convocation, the authors of "Essays and Reviews" should be consigned to a living tomb or a blazing Smithfield fire. Lambeth Palace is now no place of dread, except for youthful candidates for the ministry awaiting examination.

THE CURFEW.

Everybody has heard of the curfew bell, at the sound of which our English ancestors put out their lights and quenched their fires. The regulation is often referred to as one of the arbitrary measures introduced by the imperious Normans, and as exercising a very gross and unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. But the popular notion respecting the curfew is altogether erroneous, as to its name, its author, and its object.



THE CURFEW.

The *curfew* is a vulgar corruption of *couvre feu*—that is, French for "cover the fire." The kind of instrument used for the purpose is shown in the accompanying engraving. Curfew is as much a corruption as beef-eater for *buffetier*, bull and mouth for Boulogne mouth, and kickshaw for *quelque chose.*

It is more than doubtful whether William the Conqueror introduced the curfew into England. It is certain that the practice prevailed in most other countries of Europe; and there are incidental allusions by old writers, which seem to intimate that it was well-known in England before the Norman invasion.

The object of the curfew was not to degrade and humiliate a vanquished people, but to preserve life and property from destruction by fire. The rule that fires and candles should be extinguished at an early hour, was no more arbitrary than the same rule aboard ship, when we consider the condition of society as it then was. The houses were chiefly built of wood, and were far more combustible than they are now; the accidental outbreak of a fire often ended in the destruction of half a city and the loss of many lives. There were no engines to put out the fire—no water supply to be at once obtained—no fire escapes to rescue endangered lives—no fire offices to make good the losses. The curfew was simply a useful police regulation, and if it was sometimes barbarously enforced, it was merely characteristic of the barbarity of the times. No doubt Norman William was rapacious, tyrannical, and arbitrary, but no censure can attach to him on account of the curfew. The custom was, in all probability, practised before his time, and it was certainly continued for six hundred years afterwards. Even now the ringing of a bell is still continued at the appointed hour, when

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

There is a secret drawer in every heart,
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;
Each cherished relic of the time that's gone;

The old delights of childhood long ago;
The things we loved, because we knew them best;
The first discovered primrose in our path;
The cuckoo's earliest note; the robin's nest;

The merry hay-makings around our home;
Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes;
The story told beside the winter fire,
While the wind moaned across the window panes;

The golden dreams we dreamt in after years;
Those magic visions of our young romance;
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,
Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance;

The link which bound us later still to one
Who fills a corner in our life to-day,
Without whose love we dare not dream how dark
The rest would seem, if it were gone away;

The song that thrilled our soul with very joy;
The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized, because the thought was kind;
The thousand, thousand things that have no name.

All these in some far hidden corner lie,
Within the mystery of that secret drawer,
Whose magic springs though stranger hands may touch,
Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

ISABELLA LAW.

THE HOLE IN THE POCKET.

Jonas Slack and his wife commenced housekeeping, as many other young people do, with little means for defraying the necessary expenses; but as he was a good mechanic, he could generally find employment in his native village, and she being an industrious little woman, beside doing her house-work, earned considerable in the course of a year, by doing plain sewing. But still they did not seem to prosper as did Ned Bowen and his wife, who commenced housekeeping near them about the same time, under similar circumstances. The reason why and the way he made the discovery, we will let him tell in his own words:

My wife said to me one evening,—"Mr. Slack, I wish to get some thread and needles at the store, and want a little change."

I felt in my pocket, examined my wallet thoroughly, but could find nothing that would pass for currency at the store, and reported the unpleasant fact to her.

"Why," said she, "what has become of the half-dollar I gave you this morning, that I got from Mrs. Jones for sewing?" (She had always made me cashier of the firm.)

After another unsuccessful attempt to find it, I said:

"Mrs. Slack, I think there must be a hole in one of my pockets, for certainly I have not got it, and I do not think of anything I have paid it out for."

"I will look at your pockets this evening," said she, mildly, "and will mend them if they need it."

It was not long after this conversation that I remembered having treated myself and three friends to ice cream and oranges at a confectioner's shop, but concluded to keep the discovery to myself.

"I couldn't find any hole in your pocket last night," said my wife, the next morning, in a gentle tone, and with a look that my feelings prevented me from scanning closely; and all the reply I felt willing to make was, "Ah, couldn't you?"

A few days afterwards she called on me for twenty-five cents she had lately deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping.

"Really, Mrs. Slack," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "there must be some corner or seam in my pocket that is open;" though really I could not find one, any more than I could the missing quarter.

"If there is, it is singular that I did not find it the other evening," said she, in her usual quiet way, "but I will be sure to find it this evening if there is any."

On the way to my work after dinner, while passing the Arcade Saloon, the fate of my wife's quarter came distinctly to my mind. It had vanished in smoke in front of that institution; i. e., it had paid for five finely flavored cigars which some of my village friends had helped me to dispose of while discussing politics there the previous evening.

Mrs. Slack had never told me whether she found any hole in my pocket or not; and I did not feel disposed to push the investigation on the subject any further at the time.

Although I was seldom entirely out of change, still it was frequently unpleasantly scarce. In fact I spent more than I was aware of, in small items, from day to day, for the double purpose of maintaining my reputation of being a "clever fellow," and to gratify my appetite or fame for things I could have done very well without.

The result was that I did without things at home which my wages would have enabled me to buy, and left some for charitable purposes.

One day I was presented with a subscription paper for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum, which I reluctantly handed back without signing, with the remark that I really could not afford it.

My wife smiled sadly, as she said to me in an undertone:

"Ned Bowen subscribed five dollars."

"I don't see how he can afford it," I replied, "as he does not get any better wages or work more hours than I do."

A few days after the foregoing event, on an invitation from Ned Bowen and his wife, we spent an evening at their house, which we found much better furnished than our own, though there was no apparent attempt to make any needless display of furniture.

The evening passed pleasantly away, but I could not avoid some unpleasant feelings whenever I contrasted their home with the appearance of our own.

"I wonder," said I to my wife, on our way home, "if Bowen doesn't go in debt for some of their furniture?"

"He does not," she replied, "for his wife told me they did not owe a dollar in the world."

"But how can they live as they are doing on his wages, if he gives five dollars at a time for charitable purposes?"

"I think I can tell you," said my wife, in a hesitating manner.

"Well, do, if you please," I replied, not a little curious to know what her ideas on the subject were.

"Well," she continued, "in the first place, she never buys for herself any unnecessary finery, and takes good care that nothing is lost or destroyed that comes into the house—"

"But," said I, interrupting her, "I doubt amazingly whether she is more careful in that respect than my own model wife."

"In the second place," said she, "he is as careful in these respects as she is. He buys no ice cream, oranges, cigars, &c., neither for himself nor any of his pretended friends. In short, my dear Mr. Slack, he has no hole in his pocket."

It was the first word of suspicion my wife ever uttered on the subject, and that fact, together with the conviction that she clearly saw, and so unexpectedly, but in so kind a manner, told me the real cause of the difference between our home and that of Ned Bowen and his wife, cut me to the quick—or rather, I should have said, it sewed me up, and my pockets too; they have never been in holes since that evening. Her change has always been safe in them ever since, and our home now will not suffer by a comparison with that of our friends, the Bowens. With good books and papers, I can spend my leisure hours more pleasantly and profitably at home than anywhere else; and the saving of small expenses more than pays for them, and is the secret of success.

What is to Become of Love-Making?

Does anybody make love in these times? Are these heavenly evenings to be thrown away in bitter or fierce discussions about the war? Must the god Cupid put on a bob-tailed coat, and shoulder a musket? Are we to resign our pleasant chats, under delightful trees, with "one fair daughter and no more?" May we not again sit in the shadow of the moonlight, and whisper never-to-be-forgotten words? May we not walk and dream and muse again, as of yore? May we not see Italy and Venice again, from the milldam? Must all the sweet sounds of love as they float on the air be quenched rudely by "right shoulder shift, arms," "right flank by right, face," "four files into line, march?" Shall not her dear head rest again upon our shoulder? Shall not her little hand repose in ours? Must all our thoughts be given up to "rations," and uniforms, and battles?

Lovers, where are you?

There are sad faces in the street to-night, and to-night means every night. Darling girls in couples are walking up and down through the quiet courts, striving to look happy and cheerful, but ready to gush with grief at a moment's notice. What shall be done for them?

He was not handsome, that bold soldier boy, who went with the 190th regiment. Indeed, he was a very ordinary looking person. What a large nose he had—how awkward in his general appearance and manners. She was frequently ashamed of him. He was weak, too, and timid, and bashful, and nobody ever thought he would come to much. But he had one good quality that made him dearer to her than all the world besides. He loved as a lover should love, faithfully, sincerely, eternally. "My love may not be worth much," he used to say to her, "but it is all I have in the world, and I give it to you whether you value it or not." This he would say to her as he was bidding her good-night, with a sigh. Well! he is gone now, and she hugs and kisses his photograph, ugly as it is.

Close Tents.—Typhoid fevers in the camps of armies are principally due to sleeping in close tents, where a sufficient supply of fresh air is not admitted. Soldiers who bivouac in the open air, with the blue canopy of Heaven over them for a tent, never take the typhoid fever. Typhus fever first broke out in Europe, during the retreat of Napoleon's army from Moscow. It originated in the hospitals, which were filled with the sick and wounded soldiers. These places were not sufficiently ventilated, and the atmosphere in them became fetid; the fever became a plague, and scourged almost every city in the Old World.

A Good Wife.—A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man—an angel of mercy—minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counsellor—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

☞ A single shot from the American gun at Fortress Monroe, striking an iron frigate, would make it reel as if it had received the concentrated kick of thirty-three thousand horses.

☞ Bayle said he could never comprehend the demonstration of Euclid's first problem.

AUGUST.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Skies deeply blue as mountain lakes,
A languorous atmosphere,
Hills bathed in purple clouds of haze,
And seeming strangely near;
Radiant and bright, a ball of fire,
The great sun burns with fierce desire,
On the perfecting year.

The elms droop lazily, scarce stirred
By the inactive breeze;
The red-winged birds sing dreamily
Within their bowers of leaves;
While, knee-deep in the sluggish brook,
The cattle stand with drowsy look,
Beneath the cool, green trees.

The reaper's song rises and falls
Along the ripening wold;
The wheat stacks stand like plumed hussars,
In uniforms of gold;
And far away, across the plain,
The teamster drives the loaded wain,
And whistles all so bold.

The farmer's girl, with ruddy cheek,
Sits 'neath the walnut tree,
And sews, and sings the sweet refrain
Of some old melody;
And up the turnpike, dusty white,
She lifts her eyes, so softly bright,
Th' expected *one* to see.

Twilight falls down—a veil of sweets,
Warm, radiant amber mist;
The sunlight and the moonlight,
Have met in love, and kissed;
And, through the soft, voluptuous sea
Of golden air, the zephyrs free
Float wheresoe'er they list.

August, the year's full womanhood!—
Summer's expiring sigh!
Like all things glad and beautiful,
Doomed to grow pale and die.
Mouth of rare flowers, and royal stars—
Of greening leaves, and wind guitars,
Red moons, and purple sky.

Farmington, N. H. —*Arthur's Magazine.*

BEATRICE BOVILLE;

OR,

PRIDE VERSUS PRIDE.

BY OUIDA.

WHERE I SAW BEATRICE BOVILLE AGAIN.

I don't belong to St. Stephen's myself, thank Heaven! Very likely they would have returned me for the county when the governor departed this life, had I tried them, but as I generally cut the county, from not being one of the grass countries, and as I couldn't put forward any patriotic claims, I haven't solicited its suffrages. But there are nights now and then, of course, when I like to go to both Houses, to hear Lord Derby's rich, intricate oratory, or Gladstone's rhetoric (which has so potent a spell even for his foes, and is yet charged so strangely against him as half a crime; possibly by the same spirit with which plain women reproach a pretty one for her beauty: what business has he to be more attractive than his compeers? of course it's a mortal sin in their eyes!), and when Mrs. Breloques, who is a charming little woman, to whom no man short of a Goth could possibly say "No" to any petition, gave me a little blow with her fan, and told me, as I valued her friendship, to get an order and take her and Gwen to hear the Lords' debate on Tuesday, when my cousin Viscount Earlscourt, one of the best orators in the Upper House, was certain to speak, of course I obliged her. Her sister Gwen, who was a girl of seventeen, barely out, and whom I wished at Jericho (three is so odious a number, one of the triad must ever be *de trop*), was wrathful with the Upper House; it in no wise realized her expectations; the peers should have worn their robes, she thought (as if the horrors of a chamber filled with Thames odors in June wasn't enough without being bored with velvet and ermine!); she would have been further impressed by coronets also; they had no business to lounge on their benches as if they were in a smoking-room; they should have declaimed like Kean, not spoken colloquially; and—in fact, they shouldn't have been ordinary men at all. I think a fine collection from Madame Tussaud's wax works, with a touch of the Roman antique, would have been much more to Gwen's ideal, and she wasn't at all content till Earlscourt rose; *he* reconciled her a little, for he had a grand seigneur air, she said, that made up for the incongruities of his dress. It was a measure that he had much at heart; he had exerted for it all his influence in the Cabinet, and he was determined that the bill should pass the Lords, though the majority inclined to throw it out. As he stood now against the table, with his calm dignity of gesture, his unstrained flow of words, and his rich and ringing voice, which could give majesty to common-place subjects, and sway even an apathetic audience as completely as Sheridan's Begum speech, every one in the House listened attentively, and each of his words fell with its due weight. I heard him with pride, often as I had done so before, though I noticed with pain that the lines in his forehead and his mouth were visibly deepened; that he seemed to speak with effort, for him, and looked altogether, as somebody had said to me at White's in the morning, as if he were wearing out, and would go down in his prime, like Canning and Pitt.

"Lord Earlscourt looks very ill, don't you think so?" said Leila Breloques.

As I answered her, I heard a sharp-wrung sigh, and I looked for the first time at the lady next me. I saw a delicate profile, lips compressed and colorless, chestnut hair that I had last seen with his pearls gleaming above it—I saw, in two words, Beatrice Boville for the first time since that night eight months before, when she had stood before me in her passion and her pride. She never took her eyes off Earlscourt while he spoke, and I wondered if she regretted having lost him for a point of honor. Had she grown indifferent to him, that she had come to his own legislative chamber, or was her love so much stronger than her pride that she had sought to see him thus rather than not see him at all? When his speech was closed, and he had resumed his place on the benches, she leaned back, covering her eyes with her hand for a moment, and as I said aloud (more for her benefit than Mrs. Breloque's) my regret that Earlscourt would wear himself out, I was afraid, in his devotion to public life, Beatrice started at the sound of my voice, turned her head hastily, and her face was colorless enough to tell me she had not gratified her pride without some cost. Of course I spoke to her; she had been a favorite of mine always, and I had often wished to come across her again, but beyond learning that she was with Lady Mechlin, in Lowndes Square, and had been spending the winter at Pau for her aunt's health, I had no time to hear more, for Leila having only come for Earlscourt's speech, bade me take her to her carriage, while Beatrice and her party remained for the rest of the debate; but the rencontre struck me as so odd, that I believe it occupied my thoughts more than Mrs. Breloques liked, who got into her carriage in not the best of humors, and asked me if *I* was going in for public life, that I'd grown so particularly unamusing. We're always unamusing to one woman if we're thinking at all about another.

"Do you know who was at the House to-night, Earlscourt, to hear your speech?" I asked him, as I met him, a couple of hours afterwards, in one of the passages as he was leaving the House. He had altered much in eight months; he stooped a little from his waist; he looked worn, and his lips were pale. Men said his stamina was not equal to his brain: physicians, that he gave himself too much work and too little sleep. I knew he was more wrapped in public life than ever; that in his place in the government he worked unweariyingly, and that he found time in spare moments for intellectual recreation that would have sufficed for their life's study for most men. Still, I thought possibly there might be a weakness still clinging round his heart, though he never alluded to it; a passion which, though he appeared to have crushed it out, might be sapping his health more than all his work for the nation.

"Do you mean any one in particular? Persigny said he should attend, but I did not see him."

"No, I meant among the ladies. Beatrice Boville was in the seat next me."

I had no earthly business to speak of her so abruptly, for when I had seen him for the first time after he had left the springs when Parliament met that February, he had forbidden me ever to mention her name to him, and no allusion to her had ever passed his lips. The worn, stern gravity that had become his habitual expression, changed for a moment; bullet-proof he might be, but my arrow had shot in through the chain links of his armor; a look of unutterable pain, eagerness, anxiety, passion, passed over his face, but, whatever he felt, he subdued it, though his voice was broken, as he answered me:

"Once for all, I bade you never speak that name to me. Without being forbidden, I should have thought your own feeling, your own delicacy, might—"

"Have checked me? Oh, hang it, Earlscourt! listen one second without shutting a fellow up. I never broached the subject before, by your desire; but now I have once broken the ice, I must ask you one question: are you sure you judged the girl justly? are you sure you were not too quick to slan—"

He pressed his hand on his chest and breathed heavily as I spoke, but he wouldn't let me finish.

"That is enough! Would any man sacrifice what he held dearest wantonly and without proof? She is dear to me *now*. You are the only living being so thoughtless or so merciless as to force her name upon me, and rake up the one folly, the one madness, the one crowning sorrow of my life. See that you never dare bring forward her name again!"

He went out before me into the soft night air, his carriage was waiting; he entered it, threw himself back on its cushions, and was driven off before I had time to break my word of honor to Beatrice Boville, which I felt sorely tempted to do just then. Who among the thousands that heard his brilliant speech that night, or read it the next morning, who saw him pass in his carriage, and had him pointed out to them as the finest orator of his day, or dined with him at his ministerial dinners at his house in Park-lane, would have believed that with all his ambition, fame, honors, and attainments, the one cross, the one shadow, the one dark thread in the successful statesman's life was due to a woman's hand, and that underneath all his strength lay that single weakness, sapping and undermining it?

"*Did you* see that girl Boville at the House last night?" Lady Clive (who had smiled most sweetly ever since her thorns had brought forth their fruit—her son *would* be his heir—Earlscourt would never marry now!) said to me, the next day, at one of the Musical Society concerts. "Incredible effrontery, wasn't it, in her, to come and hear Earlscourt's speech? One would have imagined that conscience and delicacy might have made her reluctant to see him, instead of letting her voluntarily seek his own Legislative Chamber, and listen coolly for an hour and a half to the man whom she misled and deceived so disgracefully!"

I laughed to think how long a time some women's malice *will* flourish, careless how victorious it may have been in crushing its object, or how harmless that object may have become!

"You are very bitter about her still, Lady Clive. Is that quite fair? You know you were so much obliged to her for throwing Earlscourt away. You want Horace to come in for the title, don't you?" Which truism being unpalatable, Lady Clive averred that she had no wish on earth but for Earlscourt's happiness; that of course she naturally grieved for his betrayal by that little intrigante, but that had his marriage been a well-advised one, nobody would have rejoiced more, &c., &c., and bade me be silent and listen to Vieuxtemps, both of which commands I obeyed, pondering in my own mind whether I should go and call in Lowndes Square or not; if anybody heard of it, they would think it odd for me alone, of all the family, to continue acquainted with a girl whom report (circulated through Lady Clive) said had used Earlscourt so ill, and wrong constructions might get put upon it; but, thank God! I never have considered the *what will they say*. If constructions are wrong, to the deuce with them! they matter nothing to sensible people; and the man who lives in dread of "reports" will have to shift his conduct as the old man of immortal fable shifted his donkey, and won't ever journey in any peace at all. If anybody remarked my visiting at Lowndes Square, I couldn't help it; I wanted to see Beatrice Boville again, and to Lowndes Square, after the concert, I drove my tilbury accordingly, which, as that turn-out is known pretty tolerably in those parts, I should be wisest to leave behind me when I don't want my calls noticed. By good fortune I saw Beatrice alone. They were going to drive in the Park, and she was in the drawing-room, dressed and waiting for her aunt. She was not altered; at her age sorrow doesn't tell physically as it does at Earlscourt's. In youth we have Hope; later on we know that of all the gifts of Pandora's box, none are so treacherous and delusive as the one that Pandora left at the bottom. True, Beatrice had none of that insouciant, shadowless brightness that had been her chief charm at Lemongenseidlitz, but she was one of those women whose attactions, dependent on fascination, not on beauty, grow more instead of less as time goes on. She met me with a trace of embarrassment; but she was always self-possessed under any amount of difficulties, and stood chatting, a trifle hurriedly, of all the subjects of the year, of anything, I dare say, rather than of that speech the night before, or of the secret of which I was her sole confidant. But I was not going to let her off so easily. I had come there for a definite purpose, and was not going away without accomplishing it. I was afraid every second that Lady Mechlin might come down, or some visitor enter, and as she sat in a low chair among the flowers in the window, leant towards her, and plunged into it at once.

"Miss Boville, I want you to release me from my promise?"

She looked up, her face flushing slightly, but her lips and eyes shadowed already with that determined pride and hauteur that they had worn the last time I had seen her. She did not speak, but played with the boughs of a coronella near her.

"You remember" (I went on speaking as briefly as possible, lest the old lady's toilette should be finished, and our tete-a-tete cut short,) "I gave you my word of honor never to speak again of what you told me in the Kursaal last autumn, until you gave me leave; that leave I ask you for now. Silence lies in the way of your own happiness, I feel sure, and not alone of yours. If you give me carte blanche, you may be certain I shall use it discreetly and cautiously. You made the prohibition in a moment of heat and passion; withdraw it now; believe me you will never repent."

The flush died out of her cheeks as I spoke, but her white teeth were set together as they had been that night, and she answered me bitterly:

"You ask what is impossible; I cannot, in justice to myself, withdraw it. I would never have told you, but that I deemed you a man of honor, whom I could trust."

"I do not think I have proved myself otherwise, Beatrice. I have kept my word to you, when I have been greatly tempted to break it, when I have doubted whether it were either right or wise to stand on such punctilio when greater stakes were involved by my silence. Surely, if you once had elevated mind enough to comprehend and admire such a man as Earlscourt, and be won by the greatness of his intellect to prefer him to younger rivals, it is impossible you can have lowered your taste and found any one to replace him. No woman who once loved Earlscourt, could stoop to an inferior man, and almost all men *are* his inferiors; it is impossible you can have grown cold towards him."

She turned her eyes upon me luminous with her old passion—the color hot in her cheeks, and her attitude full of that fiery pride which became her so infinitely well.

"*I* changed!—*I* grow cold to him! I love him more than all the world, and shall do so to my grave. Do you think that any who heard him last night could glory in him as I did? Did you think any physical torture would not have been easier to bear than what I felt when I saw his face once more, and thought of what we *should have been* to one another, and of what we *are*? We women have to act, and smile, and wear a calm semblance, while our hearts are bursting, and so you fancy that we never feel!"

"But, great Heavens, Beatrice! if you love Earlscourt like this, why not give me leave to tell him? Why not write to him yourself? A word would clear you, a word restore you to him. Your anger, your pride, he would forgive in a moment!"

I'm a military man, not a diplomatist, or I shouldn't have added that last sentence.

She rose and looked at me haughtily and amazedly.

"It is I who have to forgive, not he. I wronged him in no way—he wronged me bitterly. He dared to misjudge, to suspect, to insult me. I shall never stoop to undeceive him. He gave me up without a trial. I never will force myself upon him. He thanked God I was not his wife—could I seek to be his wife after that? Love him passionately I do—but forgive him I do *not!* I forbid you, on your faith as a gentleman, ever to tell him what I told you that night. I trusted to your honor; I shall hold you *dishonored* if you betray me."

Just as she paused, an open carriage rolled past. I looked down mechanically; in it was Earlscourt lying back on his cushions, returning, I believe, from a Cabinet Council. There, in the street, stood my tilbury, with the piebald Cognac, that everybody in Belgravia knew. There, in the open window, stood Beatrice and I, and Earlscourt, as he happened to glance upwards, saw us both! His carriage rolled on, Beatrice grew white as death, and her lips quivered as she looked after him; but Lady Mechlin entered, and I took them down to their barouche.

"You are determined not to release me from my promise?" I asked Beatrice, as I pulled up the tiger-skin over her flounces.

She shook her head. "Certainly not; and I should think you are too much of a gentleman not to hold a promise sacred."

Pride and determination were written in every line of her face, in the very arch of her eyebrows, the very form of her brow, the very curve of her lips—a soft, delicate face enough otherwise, but as expressive of indomitable pride as any face could be. And yet, though I swore at her as I drove Cognac out of the square, I couldn't help liking her all the better for it, the little Pythoness! for, after all, it was natural and very intelligible to me, she had been misjudged and wrongly suspected, and the noblest spirits are always the quickest to rebel against injustice and resent false accusation.

II.

HOW IN PERFECT INNOCENCE I PLAYED THE PART OF A RIVAL.

The season whirled and spun along as usual. They were having stormy debates in the Lower House, and throwing out bills in the Upper; stifled by Thames odors one evening, and running down to Epsom the next morning; blackguarding each other in Parliamentary language—which, on my honor, will soon want duels revived to keep it within decent breeding, if Lord Robert Cecil and others don't learn better manners, and remember the golden rule that "He alone resorts to vituperation whose argument is illogical and weak." We, luckier dogs, who weren't slaves to St. Stephen's, nor to anything at all except as parsons and moralists, spent our hours in the Ring and the coulisses, White's and the United, crush balls and opera suppers, and swore we were immeasurably bored, though we wouldn't have led any other life for half a million. The season whirled along. Earlscourt devoted himself more entirely than ever to public life: he filled one of the most onerous and important posts in the ministry, and appeared to occupy himself solely with home politics and foreign policies. Lady Mechlin, only a baronet's widow, though she had very tolerable society of her own, was not in *his* world; and Beatrice Boville and he, with only Hyde Park Corner between them, might as well, for any chance of rapprochement, have been severally at Spitzbergen and Cape Horn. Two or three times they passed each other in Pall Mall and the Ride, but Earlscourt only lifted his hat to Lady Mechlin, and Beatrice set her little teeth together, and wouldn't have solicited a glance from him to save her life. Earlscourt was excessively distant to me after seeing my tilbury at her door; no doubt he thought it strange for me to have continued my intimacy with a woman who had wronged him so bitterly. He said nothing, but I could see he was exceedingly displeased, and the more I tried to smooth it with him, the more completely I seemed to set my foot in it. It was exceedingly difficult to touch on any obnoxious subject with him: he was never harsh or discourteous, but he could freeze the atmosphere about him gently, but so completely, that no mortal could pierce through it, and, fettered by my promise to her and his prohibition to me, I hardly knew how to bring up her name. As the fates would have it, I often met Beatrice myself, at the Regent Park fetes, at concerts, at a Handel Festival at Sydenham, at one or two dinner parties, and, as she generally made way for me beside her, and was one of those women who are invariably, though without effort, admired and surrounded in any society, possibly people remarked it—possibly our continued intimacy might have come round to Earlscourt, specially as Lady Clive and Mrs. Breloques abused me roundly, each in her way, for countenancing that "abominable intrigante!" I couldn't help it, even if Earlscourt took exception at me for it. I knew the girl was not to blame, and I took her part, and tried my best to tame the little Pythoness into releasing me from my promise. But Beatrice was firm; she had erred, no one would have acknowledged and atoned for it quicker, but innocent and wrongly accused, she kept silent, and in my heart I sympathized with her. Nothing stings so sharply, nothing is harder to forgive than injustice, and knowing herself to be frank, honorable, and open as the day, his charge of falsehood and deception rankled in her only more keenly as time went on. Men ran after her like mad; she had more of them about her than many beauties or belles. There was a style, a charm, a something in her that sent beauties into the shade, and by which, had she chosen, she could soon have replaced Earlscourt. Still it needed to be no Lavater to see by the passionate gleam of her eyes, and the haughty pride on her brow, that Beatrice Boville was not happy.

"Why *will* you let pride and punctilio wreck your own life, Beatrice?" I asked her, in a low tone, as we stood before one of Ed. Warren's delicious bits of woodland in the Water-Color Exhibition, where we had chanced to meet one day. "That he should have judged you as he did was not unnatural. Think! how was it possible for him to guess your father was your companion? Remember how very much circumstances were against you."

"Had they been ten times more against me, a man who cared for me would have believed in me, and stood by me, not condemned me on the first suspicion. It was unchivalrous, ungenerous, unjust. I tell you, his words are stamped into my memory for ever. I shall never forgive them."

"Not even if you knew that he suffered as much and more than you do?"

She clenched her hands on the rolled-up catalogue with a passionate gesture.

"No; because he *misjudged* me. Anything else I would have pardoned, though I am no patient Griselda, to put up tamely with any wrong; but *that* I never could—I never would!"

"I regret it, then. I thought you too warm and noble-hearted a woman to retain resentment so long. I never blamed you in the first instance, but I must say I blame you now."

She laughed, a little contemptuously, and glanced at me with her haughtiest air; and on my life, much as it provoked one, nothing became her better.

"Blame me or not, as you please, your verdict will be quite bearable either way! I am the one sinned against. I can have nothing explained to Lord Earlscourt. Had he cared for me, as he once vowed, he would have been less quick then to suspect me, and quicker now to give me a chance of clearing myself. But you remember, he thanked God I had not his name and his honor in my hands? I dare say he rejoices at his escape!"

She laughed again, turning over the catalogue feverishly and unconsciously. *Those* were the words that rankled in her, and it was not much wonder if, to a proud spirit like Beatrice Boville's, they seemed unpardonable. As I handed her and Lady Mechlin into their carriage when they left the Exhibition, Earlscourt, as ill luck would have it, passed us, walking on to White's, the fringe of Beatrice's parasol brushed his arm, and a hot color flushed into her cheeks at the sudden rencontre. By the instinct of courtesy he bowed to her and Lady Mechlin, but passed up Pall-Mall without looking at Beatrice. How well society drills us, that we meet with such calm impassiveness in its routine those with whom we have sorrowed and joyed, loved and hated, in such far different scenes!

Their carriage drove on, and I overtook him as he went up Pall-Mall. He was walking slowly, with his hand pressed on his chest, and his lips set together, as if in bodily pain. He looked at me, as I joined him, with an annoyed glance of unusual irritation for him, for he was always calm and untroubled, punctiliously just, and though of a proud temper, never quick to anger.

"You passed that girl wonderfully coldly, Earlscourt," I began, plunging recklessly into the thick of the subject.

"Coldly!" he repeated, bitterly. "It is very strange that you will pursue me with her name. I forbade you to intrude it upon me; was not that sufficient?"

"No; because I think you judged her too harshly."

"Think so if you please, but never renew the topic to me. If she gives you her confidence, enjoy it. If you choose, knowing what you do, to be misled by her, be so; but I beg of you to spare me your opinions and intentions."

"But why? I say you *do* misjudge her. She might err in impatience and pride, but I would bet you any money you like that you would prove her guilty of no indelicacy, no treachery, no underhand conduct, though appearances might be against her."

"*Might* be! You select your words strangely; you must have some deeper motive for your unusual blindness. I desire, for the last time, that you cease either the subject to me, or your acquaintance with me, whichever you prefer."

With which he went up the steps of White's, and I strolled on, amazed at the fierce acrimony of his tone, utterly unlike anything I had ever heard from him, wished their pride at the devil, called myself a fool for meddling in the matter at all, and went to have a quiet weed in the smoking-room of the United Service to cool myself. I was heartily sick of the whole affair. If they wanted it cleared, they must clear it themselves, I should trouble myself no more about it. Yet I couldn't altogether dismiss Beatrice's cause from my mind. I thought her, to say the truth, rather harshly used. I liked her for her fearless, truthful, impassioned character. I liked her for the very courage and pride with which she preferred to relinquish any chance of regaining her forfeited happiness, rather than stoop to solicit exculpation from charges of which she knew she was innocent. Perhaps, at first, she did not consider sufficiently Earlscourt's provocation, and perhaps, now, she was too persisting in her resentment of it; still I liked her, and I was sorry to see her, at an age when life should have been couleur de rose, specially to one of her gay and insouciant nature, with a weary, passionate look on her face that she should not have had for ten years to come—a look that was rapidly hardening into stern and contemptuous sadness.

"You tell me I am too bitter," she said to me one day; "how should I be otherwise? I, who have wronged no one, and have never in my life done anything of which I am ashamed, am called an intrigante by Lady Clive Edghill, and get ill-will from strangers, and misconstructions from my friends, merely because, thinking no harm myself, it never occurs to me that circumstances may look against me; and, hating falsehood, I cannot lie, and smile, and give soft words where I feel contempt and indignation. Mrs. Breloques yonder, who has honeyed speeches for her bitterest foes, and poisoned arrows (behind their back) for her most trusting friends, who goes to early matins every morning, and pries out for a second all over the top of her prayer-book, who kisses 'darling Helena,' and says she 'never looked so sweetly,' whispering what a pity it is when Helena is so passee she *will* dress like a girl just out—she is called the sweetest woman possible—so amiable! and is praised for her high knowledge of religion. You tell me I am too bitter. I think not. Honesty does *not* prosper, and truth is at a miserable discount; straightforward frankness makes a myriad of foes, and adroit diplomacy as many friends. If you make a prettily turned compliment, who cares if it is sincere; if you hold your tongue where you cannot praise, because you will not tell a conventional falsehood, the world thinks you very ill-natured, or odiously satirical. Society is entirely built upon insincerity and conventionality, from the wording of an acceptance of a dinner invitation, where we write 'with much pleasure,' thinking to ourselves 'what a bore!' to the giant hypocrisies daily spoken without a blush from pulpit and lectern, and legitimatized both as permissable and praiseworthy. To truth and unconventionality society of course is therefore adverse, and whoever dares to uphold them must expect to be hissed, as Paul by the Ephesians, because he shivered their silver shrines and destroyed the craft by which they got their wealth."

Beatrice was right: her truth and fearlessness were her enemies with most people, even with the man who had loved her best. Had she been ready with an adroit falsehood and a quick excuse, Earlscourt's suspicions would never have been raised as they were by her frank admission that there was something she would rather not tell him, and her innocent request to be trusted. That must have been some very innocent and unworldly village schoolmaster, I should say, who first set going that venerable proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."—He must have known comically little of life. A diplomatist who took it as his motto would soon come to grief. There is no policy at greater discount in the world, and straightforward and candid people stand at very unequal odds with the rest of humanity; they are the one morsel of bread to a hogshead of sack, the handful of Spartans against a swarm of Persians, and they get the brunt of the battle and the worst of the fight.

III.

HOW PRIDE BOWED AND FELL.

Beyond meeting Earlscourt at White's, or, for an hour, at the reunion of some fair leader of ton, I scarcely saw him at that season, for he was more and more devoted to public life. He looked wretched, and his physicians said if he wished to live he must go to the south of France in July, and winter at Corfu; but he paid them no heed, he occupied himself constantly with political and literary work, and grudged the three or four hours he gave to feverish sleep that did him little good.

"Will you get me admittance to the Lords to-morrow night?" Beatrice asked me one morning, when I met her in the Ride. I looked at her, surprised.

"To the Lords? Of course, if you wish."

"I do wish it."

Her hands clenched on her bridle, and the color flushed into her face, for Earlscourt just then passed us, riding with one of his brother ministers. He looked at us both, and his face changed strangely, though he rode on, continuing his conversation with the other, while I went round the turn with Beatrice and the other fellows who were about her; le fruit defendu is always most attractive, and Beatrice's profound negligence of them all made them more mad about her than all the traps and witcheries, beguilements and attractions that coquettes and beauties set out for them. She rode beautifully, and a woman who *does* sit well down on her saddle, and knows how to handle her horse, never looks better than en Amazone. Earlscourt met her three times at the turn of the Ride, and though you would not have told that he was passing any other than an utter stranger, I think it must have struck him that he lost much, in losing Beatrice Boville. I was riding on her off side each time when we passed him. As I say, I never, thank God! have cared a straw for the *what will people say?* and if people remarked on my intimacy with my cousin's cast-off betrothed, so they might, but to Earlscourt I wished to explain it more for Beatrice's sake than my own; and as I rode out by Apsley House afterwards, I overtook him, and went up Piccadilly with him, though his manner was decidedly distant and chill, so pointedly so that it would have been rude, had he not been too entirely a disciple of Chesterfield to be ever otherwise than courteous to his deadliest foe; but, disregarding his coldness, I said what I intended to say, and began an explanation that I considered only due to him.

"I beg your pardon, Earlscourt, for intruding on you a topic you have forbidden, but I shall be obliged to you to listen to me a moment. I wish to tell you my reasons for what, I dare say, seems strange to you, my continued intimacy with—"

But I was not permitted to end my sentence; he divined what I was about to say, and stopped me with a cold, wearied air.

"I understand; but I prefer not to hear them. I have no desire to interfere with your actions, and still less to be troubled with your motives. Of course, you choose your friendships as you please. All I beg is, that you obey the wish I expressed the other day, and intrude the subject no more upon me."

And he bade me good morning, urged his mare into a sharp canter, and turned down St. James's Street. How little those in the crowd who looked at him as he rode by, pointing him out to the women with them as Viscount Earlscourt, the most eloquent debater in the Lords, the celebrated foreign minister, author, and diplomatist, guessed that a woman's name would touch and sting him as nothing else could do, and that under the calm and glittering upper-current of his life ran a dark, slender, unnoticed thread that had power to poison all the rest! Those women, mon ami!—if we *do* satirise them a little bit now and then, are we doing any more than taking a very mild revenge? Don't they make fools of the very best and wisest of us, play the deuce with Cæsar as with Catullus, and make Achilles soft as Amphimachus?

The next morning I met Beatrice at a concert at the Marchioness of Pursang's. Lady Pursang would not have been, you will conceive, on the visiting list of Lady Mechlin, as she was one of the *creme de la creme*, but she had met Beatrice the winter before at Pau, had been very delighted with her, and now continued the acquaintance in town. I happened to sit next our little Pythoness, who looked better, I think, that morning than ever I saw her, though her face was set into that disdainful sadness which had become its habitual expression. She liked my society, and sought it, no doubt, because I was the only link between her and her lost past; and she was talking with me more animatedly than usual, thanking me for having got her admittance to the Lords that night, during a pause in the concert, when Earlscourt entered the room, and took the seat reserved for him, which was not far from ours. Music was one of his passions; the only relaxation, indeed, he ever gave himself now, but to-day, though ostensibly he listened to Alboni and Arabella Goddard, Halle and Vieuxtemps, and talked to the Marchioness and other women of her set, in reality he was watching Beatrice, who, her pride roused by his presence, laughed and chatted with me and other men with her old gay abandon, and, impervious to embarrassment though he was, I fancy even *he* felt it a severe trial of his composure when Lady Pursang, who had been the last five years in India with her husband, and who was ignorant of, or had forgotten the name of the girl Earlscourt was to have married the year before, asked him, when the concert was over, to let her introduce him to her pet, bringing him in innocent cruelty up to that little Pythoness, with whom he had parted so passionately and bitterly ten months before! Happy for them that they had that armor which the Spartans called heroism, the stoics philosophy, and we—simply style good breeding, or they would hardly have gone through that ordeal as well as they did when she introduced them to each other as strangers!—those who had whispered such passionate love words, given and received such fond caresses, vowed barely twelve months before to pass their lifetime together! Happy for them they were used to society, or they would hardly have bowed to each other as calmly and admirably as they did, with the recollection of that night in which they had parted so bitterly, so full as it was in the minds of both. Beatrice was standing in one of the open windows of a little cabinet almost empty, and when the Marchioness moved away, satisfied that she had introduced two people admirably fitted to entertain one another, Earlscourt, with people flirting and talking within a few yards of him, was virtually alone with Beatrice—for there is, after all, no solitude like the solitude of a crowd—and *then*, for the first time in his life, his self-possession forsook him. Beatrice was silent and very pale, looking out of the window on to the Green Park, which the house overlooked, and Earlscourt's pride had a hard struggle, but his passion got the better of him, in spite of him, and he leaned towards her.

"Do you remember the last night we were together?"

She answered him bitterly. She had not forgiven him. She had sometimes, I am half afraid, sworn to revenge herself!

"I am hardly likely to forget it, Lord Earlscourt!"

He looked at her longingly and wistfully; his pride was softened, that granite pride, hitherto so unassailable! and he bent nearer to her.

"Beatrice! I would give much to be able to wash out the memories of that night—to be proved mistaken—to be convicted of haste, of sternness—"

The tears rushed into her eyes. "You need only have given one little thing—all I asked of you—trust!"

"Would to God I dare believe you now! Tell me, answer me, did I judge you too harshly? Love at my age never changes, however wronged; it is the latest, and it only expires with life itself. I confess to you, you are dearer to me still than anything ever was, than anything ever will be. Prove to me, for God's sake, that I misjudged you! Only prove it to me; explain away what appeared against you, and we may yet—"

He stopped; his voice trembled, his hand touched hers, he breathed short and fast. The Pythoness was very nearly tamed; her eyes grew soft and melting, her lips trembled; but pride was still strong in her. At the touch of his hand it very nearly gave way, but not wholly; it was there still, tenacious of its reign. She set her little teeth obstinately together, and looked up at him with her old hauteur.

"No, as I told you then, you must believe in me *without* proof. I have not forgotten your bitter words, nor yet forgiven them. I doubt if I ever shall. You roused an evil spirit in me that night, Lord Earlscourt, which you cannot exorcise at a moment's notice. Remember what was your own motto, 'An indiscreet woman is never frank,'—yet from my very frankness you accused me of indiscretion, and of far worse than indiscretion—"

"My God! if I accused you falsely, Beatrice, forgive me!"

He must have loved her very much to bow his pride so far as that! *He* was at *her* feet—at *her* mercy now: he whom she had vainly sued, sued her; but a perverse fiery devil in her urged her to take her own revenge, compelled her to throw away her own peace.

"You should have asked me that ten months ago: it is too late now."

His face dyed white, his eyes filled with passionate anguish. He crushed her hand in his.

"'Too late?' Great Heavens! Answer me, child, I entreat you—I beseech you—is it 'too late' because report is true that you have replaced me with my cousin—that you are engaged to Hervey? Tell me truth now, for pity's sake. I will be trifled with no longer."

Beatrice threw back her haughty little head contemptuously, though ladies *don't* sneer at the idea of being reported as engaged to me generally, I can assure you. Her heart throbbed triumphantly and joyously. She had conquered him at last. The man of giant intellect and haughty will had bowed to her. She held him by a thread, he who ruled the fate of nations!—and she loved him so dearly! But the Pythoness was not wholly tamed, and she could not even yet forget her wrongs.

"You told me before that I spoke falsehoods to you, Lord Earlscourt; my word would find no more credence now!"

He looked at her, dropped her hand, and turned away, before Beatrice could detain him. Five minutes after he left the house. Little as I guessed it, he was jealous of me—I! who never in my life rivalled any man who wished to *marry!* Beatrice had fully revenged herself. I wonder if she enjoyed it quite as much as she had anticipated, as she stood where he had left her looking out on the Green Park?

I went with Beatrice and her party to the Lords that night; it was the tug of war for the bill which Earlscourt was so determined should pass, and a great speech was expected from him. We were not disappointed.—When he rose he spoke with effort, and his oratory suffered from the slight hoarseness of his voice, for half the beauty of his rhetoric lay in the flexibility and music of his tones; still, it was emphatically a great speech, and Beatrice Boville listened to it breathlessly, with her eyes fixed on the face—weary, worn, but grandly intellectual—of the man whom Europe reverenced, and she—a girl of twenty!—ruled. Perhaps her heart smote her for the lines she had added there; perhaps she felt her pride misplaced to him, great as he was, with his stainless honor and unequalled genius; perhaps she thought of how, with all his strength, his hand had trembled as it touched hers; and how, with all her love, she had been wilful and haughty to him a second time! His voice grew weaker as he ended, and he spoke with visible effort; still it was one of his greatest political triumphs: his bill passed by a large majority, and the papers, the morning after, filled their leading article with admiration of Viscount Earlscourt's speech. But before those journals were out, Earlscourt was too ill almost to notice the success of his measures: as he left the House, the presiding devil of beloved Albion, that plays the deuce with English statesmen as with Italian cantatrices, the confounded east wind, had caught him, finished what over-exertion had begun, and knocked him over, prostrated with severe bronchitis. What a pity it is that the body *will* levy such cruel black mail upon the mind; that a gust of wind, a horse's plunge, the effluvia of a sewer, the carelessness of a pointsman, can destroy the grandest intellect, sweep off the men whose genius lights the world, as ruthlessly as a storm of rain a cloud of gnats, and strike Peel and Canning, Macaulay and Donaldson, in the prime of their power, as heedlessly as peasants little higher than brutes, dull as the clods of their own valley, who stake their ambitions on a surfeit of fat bacon, and can barely scrawl their names upon a slate!

Unconscious that Earlscourt's jealousy had fastened so wrongly upon me, I was calling on Beatrice late the next morning, ignorant, myself of his illness, when his physician, who was Lady Mechlin's too, while paying her a complimentary visit, regretted to me my cousin's sudden attack.

"Lord Earlscourt would speak last night," he began. "I entreated him not; but those public men are so obstinate; to-day he is very ill—very ill indeed, though prompt measures stopped the worst. He has risen to dictate something of importance to his secretary; he would work his brain if he were dying; but it has taken a severe hold on him, I fear. I shall send him somewhere south as soon as he can leave the house, which will not be for some weeks. He would be a great loss to the country. We have not such another foreign minister. But I admit to you, Major Hervey—though of course I do not wish it to go further—that I *do* think very seriously of Lord Earlscourt's state of health."

Beatrice heard him as she sat at her Davenport; her face grew white, and her great eyes filled with anguish. She thought of his words to her only the day before, and of how her pride had repelled him a second time. I saw her hand clench on the pen she was playing with, and her teeth set tight together, her habitual action under any strong emotion, thinking to herself, no doubt, "And my last words to him were bitter ones!"

When the physician had left I went up to her:

"Beatrice, you must let me tell him *now!*"

She did not answer, but her hand clenched tighter on the pen-handle.

"His life is in your hands—for God's sake relinquish your pride?"

But her pride was strong in her, and dear to her still; strong and dear as her love; and the two struggled together. Earlscourt had bowed *his* pride to her, but she had not yielded up her own, and it cost her much to yield it even now. All the Pythoness in her was not tamed yet. She was silent—she wavered—then her great love for him vanquished all else. She rose, white as death, her passionate eyes full of unshed tears, the bitterest, yet the softest, Beatrice Boville had ever known.

"Take me to him! No one shall tell him but myself!"

Earlscourt was lying on a couch in his library: he had been unable to dictate or to write himself, for severe remedies had prostrated him utterly, and he could not speak above his breath, though he was loth to give up and acknowledge himself as ill as he was. His eyes were closed, his forehead knitted together in pain, and his labored breathing told plainly enough how fiercely his foe had attacked him, and that it was by no means conquered yet. He had not slept all night, and had fallen into a short slumber now, desiring his attendants to leave him. I bade the groom of the chambers let us enter unannounced, and opening the door myself, signed to Beatrice to go in, while her aunt and I waited in the ante-room. She stopped a moment at the entrance; her pride had its last struggle: but he turned restlessly, with a weary sigh, and by that sigh the Pythoness was conquered. Beatrice went forward and fell on her knees beside his sofa, bending down till her lips touched his brow, and her hot tears fell on his hands.

"I was too proud last night to tell you you misjudged me. I have no pride now. I am your own—wholly your own. I never loved—I never should love any but you. I forgive you now. Oh! how could you ever doubt me! Lord Earlscourt—Ernest—may we not yet be all we once were to one another?"

Awakened by her kisses on his brow, bewildered by her sudden appearance, he tried to rise, but sank back exhausted. He did not disbelieve her now. He had no voice to speak to her, no strength to answer her, but he drew her down closer and closer to him, as she knelt by him, and, as her heart beat once more against his, the little Pythoness, tamed at last, threw her arms round him and sobbed like a child on his breast. And so—BEATRICE BOVILLE took her best REVENGE!—while I shut the library door, invited Lady Mechlin to inspect Earlcourt's collection of French pictures, and asked what she thought of *Punch* this week.

I don't know what his physicians would have said of the treatment, as they'd recommended him "perfect quiet;" all I do know is, that Earlscourt went to the south of Europe as soon as he could leave the house, Beatrice Boville went with him, and he took his place on the benches and in the Cabinet this season, without any trace of bronchia, or any sign of wearing out.

Lady Clive, I regret to say, "does not know" Lady Earlscourt: anything for her beloved brother she *would* do, were it possible, but she hopes we understand that, for her daughters' sakes, she feels it quite impossible to countenance that "shocking little intrigante!"

THE BATTLE NEAR MANASSAS

GENERAL McDOWELL'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT
NORTH-EASTERN VIRGINIA.
Arlington, Virginia, August 4, 1861.

Lieut. Col. E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General, Head Quarters of the Army, Washington, D. C.

COLONEL—I have the honor to submit the following report of the battle of the 21st of July, near Manassas, Virginia. It has been delayed till this time from the inability of the subordinate commanders to get earlier a true account of the state of their commands.

In my communication to you of the 20th ultimo, I stated it was my intention to move that afternoon, and drive the enemy from the East side of Bull Run, so as to enable the engineers to make a sufficiently accurate reconnoissance to justify our future movements.—Later in the day they had obtained enough information of the passage across the stream to dispense with this reconnoissance, and it was decided to move without delay. It had been my intention to move the several columns out on the road a few miles on the evening of the 20th, so that they would have a shorter march in the morning; but I deferred to those who had the greatest distance to go, and who preferred starting early in the morning, and making but one move.

On the evening of the 20th ultimo my command was mostly at or near Centreville.—The enemy was at or near Manassas, distant from Centreville about seven miles to the south west. Centreville is a village of a few houses, mostly on the west side of a ridge running nearly north and south. The road from Centreville to Manassas Junction was along this ridge, and crosses Bull Run about three miles from the former place. The Warrenton turnpike, which runs nearly east and west, goes over this ridge, through the village, and crosses Bull Run about four miles from it, Bull Run having a course between the crossing from the north-west to south-east.

The First Division (Tyler's) was stationed on the north side of the Warrenton turnpike, and on the eastern slope of the Centreville ridge, two brigades on the same road, and a mile and a half in advance, to the west of the ridge, and one brigade on the road from Centreville to Manassas, where it crosses Bull Run, at Blackburn's Ford, where General Tyler had the engagement of the 18th ult.—The Second Division (Hunter's) was on the Warrenton turnpike, one mile east of Centreville. The Third Division (Heintzelman's) was on a road known as the Old Braddock road, which comes into Centreville from the south-east, about a mile and a half from the village. The Fifth Division (Miles's) was on the same road with the Third Division, and between it and Centreville. A map which is herewith, marked A, will show these positions better than I can describe them.

On Friday night a train of subsistence arrived, and on Saturday its contents were ordered to be issued to the command, and the men required to have three days rations in their haversacks.

On Saturday orders were issued for the available force to march. As reported to you in my letter of the 19th ult., my personal reconnoissance of the roads to the south had shown that it was not practicable to carry out the original plan of turning the enemy's position on their right. The affair of the 18th at Blackburn's Ford showed he was too strong at that point for us to force a passage there without great loss, and if we did that it would bring us in front of his strong position at Manassas, which was not desired.

Our information was that the stone bridge, over which the Warrenton road crossed Bull Run, to the west of Centreville, was defended by a battery in position, and the road on his side of the stream impeded by a heavy abattis. The alternate was, therefore, to turn the extreme left of his position. Reliable information was obtained of an undefended ford about 3 miles above the bridge, there being another ford between it and the bridge, which was defended. It was therefore determined to take the road to the upper ford, and after crossing, to get behind the forces guarding the lower ford and the bridge, and after occupying the Warrenton road east of the bridge, to send out a force to destroy the railroad at or near Gainesville, and thus break up the communication between the enemy's forces at Manassas and those in the valley of Virginia, before Winchester, which had been held in check by Major General Patterson.

Brigadier-General Tyler was directed to move with three of his brigades on the Warrenton road, and commence cannonading the enemy's batteries, while Hunter's division, moving after him, should, after passing a little stream called Cub Run, turn to the right and north, and move around to the upper ford, and there turn south and get behind the enemy. Colonel Heintzelman's division was to follow Hunter's as far as the turning off place to the lower ford, where he was to cross after the enemy should have been driven out by Hunter's division, the Fifth Division (Miles's) to be in reserve on the Centreville ridge.

I had felt anxious about the road from Manassas by Blackburn's Ford to Centreville, along this ridge, fearing that whilst we should be in force to the front, and endeavoring to turn the enemy's position, we ourselves should be turned by him by this road; for if he should once obtain possession of this ridge, which overlooks all the country to the west to the foot of the spurs of the Blue Ridge, we should have been irretrievably cut off and destroyed. I had, therefore, directed this point to be held in force, and sent an engineer to extemporize some field works to strengthen the position.

The Fourth Division (Runyon's) had not been brought to the front further than to guard our communications by way of Vienna and the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. His advance regiment was about seven miles in the rear of Centreville.

The divisions were ordered to march at half past two o'clock P. M., so as to arrive on the ground early in the day, and thus avoid the heat which is to be expected at this season. There was delay in the first division getting out of its camp on the road, and the other divisions were in consequence between two and three hours behind the time appointed—a great misfortune, as events turned out. The wood road leading from the Warrenton turnpike to the upper ford was much longer than we counted upon, the general direction of the stream being oblique to the road, and we having the obtuse angle on our side.

Gen. Tyler commenced with his artillery at half past six A. M., but the enemy did not reply, and after some time it became a question whether he was in any force in our front, and if he did not intend himself to make an attack, and make it by Blackburn's Ford. After firing several times, and obtaining no response, I held one of Heintzelman's brigades in reserve in case we should have to send any troops back to reinforce Miles's division. The other brigades moved forward as directed in the general orders. On reaching the ford, at Sudley's Spring, I found part of the leading brigade of Hunter's division (Burnside's) had crossed, but the men were slow in getting over, stopping to drink. As at this time the clouds of dust from the direction of Manassas indicated the immediate approach of a large force, and fearing it might come down on the head of the column before the division could all get over and sustain it, orders were sent back to the heads of regiments to break from the column and come forward separately as fast as possible. Orders were sent by an officer to the reserve brigade of Heintzelman's division to come by a nearer road across the fields, and an aid-de-camp was sent to Brigadier-General Tyler to direct him to press forward his attack, as large bodies of the enemy were passing in front of him to attack the division which had crossed over. The ground between the stream and road leading from Sudley's Spring south, and over which Burnside's brigade marched, was for about a mile from the ford thickly wooded, whilst on the right of the road for about the same distance the country was divided between fields and woods. About a mile from the road the country on both sides of the road is open, and nearly a mile further, large rolling fields extend down to the Warrenton turnpike, which crosses what became the field of battle through the valley of a small water course, a tributary of Bull Run.

Shortly after the leading regiment of the first brigade reached the open space, and whilst others and the second brigade were crossing to the front and right, the enemy opened his fire, beginning with artillery, and following it up with infantry. The leading brigade (Burnside's) had to sustain this shock for a short time without support, and did it well. The battalion of regular infantry was sent to sustain it, and shortly afterwards the other corps of Porter's brigade, and a regiment detached from Heintzelman's division to the left, forced the enemy back far enough to allow Sherman's and Keyes's brigades, of Tyler's division, to cross from their position on the Warrenton road. These drove the right of the enemy, understood to have been commanded by Beauregard, from the front of the field, and out of the detached woods, and down the road, and across it up the slopes on the other side. Whilst this was going on, Heintzelman's division was moving down the field to the stream and up the road beyond. Beyond the Warrenton road, and to the left of the road, down which our troops had marched from Sudley's Spring, is a hill with a farm-house on it. Behind this hill the enemy had, early in the day, some of the most annoying batteries planted. Across the road from this hill was another hill, or rather elevated ridge, or table of land.

The hottest part of the contest was for the possession of this hill, with a house on it. The force engaged here, was Heintzelman's division, Wilcox's and Howard's brigades on the right, supported by part of Porter's brigade and the cavalry under Palmer and Franklin's brigade of Heintzelman's division, Sherman's brigade of Tyler's division in the centre and up the road, whilst Keyes's brigade of Tyler's division was on the left, attacking the batteries near the stone bridge. The Rhode Island battery of Burnside's brigade also participated in this attack by its fire from the north of the turnpike. The enemy was understood to have been commanded by J. E. Johnston. Rickett's battery, which did such effective service, and played so brilliant a part in this contest, was, together with Griffin's battery, on the side of the hill, and became the object of the special attention of the enemy, who succeeded—our officers mistaking one of his regiments for one of our own, and allowing it to approach without firing upon it—in disabling the battery, and then attempted to take it. Three times was he repulsed by different corps in succession, and driven back, and the guns taken by hand, the horses being killed and pulled away.

The third time it was supposed by us all that the repulse was final, for he was driven entire from the hill, and so far beyond it as not to be in sight, and all were certain the day was ours. He had before this been driven nearly a mile and a half, and was beyond the Warrenton road, which was entirely in our possession, from the Stone Bridge westward, and our engineers were just completing the removal of the abattis across the road, to allow our reinforcement (Schenck's brigade and Ayer's battery) to join us.

The enemy was evidently disheartened and broken. But we had been fighting since half past ten o'clock in the morning, and it was after three o'clock in the afternoon. The men had been up since two o'clock in the morning, and had made what to those unused to such things seemed a long march before coming into action, though the longest distance gone over was not more than nine and a half miles; and though they had three days' provisions served out to them the day before, many no doubt either did not eat them, or threw them away on the march or during the battle, and were therefore without food. They had done much severe fighting. Some of the regiments which had been driven from the hill in the first two attempts of the enemy to keep possession of it had become shaken, were unsteady, and had many men out of the ranks.

It was at this time that the enemy's reinforcements came to his aid from the railroad train, understood to have just arrived from the valley with the residue of Johnston's army. They threw themselves in the woods on our right, and towards the rear of the right, and opened a fire of musketry on our men, which caused them to break and retire down the hillside. This soon degenerated into disorder, for which there was no remedy. Every effort was made to rally them, even beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, but in vain.

The battalion of regular infantry alone moved up the hill opposite to the one with the house on it, and there maintained itself until our men could get down to and across the Warrenton turnpike, on the way back to the position we occupied in the morning. The plain was covered with the retreating troops, and they seemed to infect those with whom they came in contact. The retreat soon became a rout, and this soon degenerated still further into a panic.

Finding this state of affairs was beyond the efforts of all those who had assisted so faithfully during the long and hard day's work in gaining almost the object of our wishes, and that nothing remained on the field but to recognize what we could no longer prevent, I gave the necessary orders to protect their withdrawal, begging the men to form in the line, and offer the appearance, at least, of organization. They returned by the ford to the Warrenton road, protected, by my order, by Colonel Porter's force of regulars. Once on the road, and the different corps coming together in small parties, many without officers, they became intermingled, and all organization was lost.

Orders had been sent back to Miles's division for a brigade to move forward and protect this retreat, and Colonel Blenker's brigade was detached for this purpose, and was ordered to go as far forward as the point where the road to the right left the main road.

By referring to the general order it will be seen that, while the operations were to go in front, an attack was to be made at Blackburn's Ford by the brigade (Richardson's) stationed there. A reference to his report, and to that of Major Hunt, commanding the artillery, will show that this part of the plan was well and effectively carried out. It succeeded in deceiving the enemy for a considerable time, and in keeping in check a part of his force. The fire of the artillery at this point is represented as particularly destructive.

At the time of our retreat, seeing great activity in this direction, much firing, and columns of dust, I became anxious for this place, fearing if it were turned or forced, the whole stream of our retreating mass would be captured or destroyed. After providing for the protection of the retreat by Porter's and Blenker's brigades, I repaired to Richardson's, and found the whole force ordered to be stationed for the holding of the road from Manassas by Blackburn's Ford to Centreville, on the march, under the orders from the Division Commander, for Centreville. I immediately halted it, and ordered it to take up the best line of defence across the ridge that their position admitted of, and subsequently taking in person the command of this part of the army, I caused such disposition of the forces which had been added to by the First and Second New Jersey and the De Kalb regiments, ordered up from Runyon's reserve, before going forward, as would best serve to check the enemy. The ridge being held in this way, the retreating current passed slowly through Centreville to the rear.—The enemy followed us from the ford as far as Cub Run, and owing to the road becoming blocked up at the crossing, caused us much damage there, for the artillery could not pass, and several pieces and caissons had to be abandoned. In the panic, the horses hauling the caissons and ammunition, were cut from their places by persons to escape with, and in this way much confusion was caused, the panic aggravated, and the road encumbered. Not only were pieces of artillery lost, but also many of the ambulances carrying the wounded.

By sundown most of our men had gotten behind Centreville ridge, and it became a question whether we should not endeavor to make a stand there. The condition of our artillery and its ammunition, and the want of food for the men, who had generally abandoned or thrown away all that had been issued the day before, and the utter disorganization and consequent demoralization of the mass of the army, seemed to all who were near enough to be consulted—division and brigade commanders and staff—to admit of no alternative but to fall back, the more so as the position at Blackburn's Ford was then in the possession of the enemy, and he was already turning our left. On sending the officers of the staff to the different camps, they found, as they reported to me, that our decision had been anticipated by the troops, most of those who had come in from the front being already on the road to the rear, the panic with which they came in still continuing and hurrying them along.

At — o'clock, the rear guard (Blenker's brigade) moved, covering the retreat, which was effected during the night and next morning. The troops at Fairfax station leaving by the cars, took with them the bulk of the supplies which had been sent there. My aid-de-camp, Major Wadsworth, stayed at Fairfax Court House till late in the morning, to see that the stragglers and weary and worn-out soldiers were not left behind.

I transmit herewith the reports of the several division and brigade commanders, to which I refer for the conduct of particular regiments and corps, and a consolidated return of the killed, wounded and missing. From the latter it will be seen that our killed amounted to nineteen officers, and four hundred and sixty-two non-commissioned officers and privates, and our wounded to sixty-four officers, and nine hundred and forty-seven non-commissioned officers and privates.—Many of the wounded will soon be able to join the ranks, and will leave our total of killed and disabled from further service under one thousand. The return of the missing is very inaccurate, the men supposed to be missing having fallen into other regiments and gone to Washington—many of the Zouaves to New York. In one brigade, the number originally reported at six hundred and sixteen, was yesterday reduced to one hundred and seventy-four. These reductions are being made daily. In a few days a more correct return can be made.

Of course nothing accurate is known of the loss of the enemy. An officer of their forces, coming from them with a flag of truce, admitted eighteen hundred killed and wounded, and other information shows this to be much under the true number.

The officer commanding the Eleventh New York Zouaves, and Col. Heintzelman, say that the returns of that Regiment cannot be relied on, as many of those reported among the casualties have absented themselves since their return and have gone to New York. Among the missing reported, many of our surgeons, who remained in attendance on our wounded, and were, against the rules of modern warfare, made prisoners.

The issue of this hard fought battle, in which certainly our troops lost no credit in their conflict on the field with an enemy ably commanded, superior in numbers, who had but a short distance to march, and who acted on his own ground on the defensive, and always under cover, whilst our men were of necessity out on the open fields, should not prevent full credit being given to those officers and corps whose services merited success if they did not attain it.

To avoid repetition, I will only mention here the names of those not embraced in reports of division and brigade commanders. I beg to refer to their reports for the names of those serving under their immediate orders, desiring that on this subject they be considered as part of my own. I claim credit for the officers of my staff, and for those acting as such during the day. They did every thing in their power, exposing themselves freely when required, and doing all that men could do, communicating orders, guiding the columns, exhorting the troops, rallying them when broken, and providing for them the best the circumstances admitted. They are as follows:

First Lieutenant H. W. Kingsbury, Fifth artillery, aid de-camp.

Major Clarence S. Brown, New York Militia Volunteers, aid-de-camp.

Major James S. Wadsworth, New York Militia Volunteers, aid-de-camp. The latter, who does me the honor to be on my personal staff, had a horse shot under him in the hottest of the fight.

Captain James B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Captain O. H. Tillinghast, Assistant Quartermaster, who discharged alone the important and burdensome duties of his department with the army, and who was mortally wounded while acting with the artillery, to which he formerly belonged, and in which he was deeply interested.

Captain H. F. Clark, Chief of Subsistence Department.

Major Meyer, Signal Officer, and Major Malcolm McDonnell, who acted as aids.

Surgeon W. S. King and Assistant Surgeon Magruder, Medical department.

Major J. G. Barnard, Engineer, and senior of his department with the army, gave most important aid.

First Lieutenant Fred. S. Prime, Engineers.

Captain A. W. Whipple.

First Lieutenant H. L. Abbott and Second Lieutenant H. S. Putnam, Topographical Engineers.

Major W. F. Barry, Fifth artillery, Chief of Artillery.

Lieutenant George C. Strong, Ordnance Officer.

Major W. H. Wood, First Infantry, Acting Inspector General.

Second Lieutenant Guy Henry, who joined me on the field, and was of service as an aid-de camp.

The following officers commanded divisions and brigades, and in the several places their duty called them did most effective service and behaved in the most gallant manner.

Brigadier-General Tyler, Connecticut Volunteers.

Col. David Hunter, Third Cavalry, severely wounded at the head of his division.

Col. S. P. Heintzelman, Seventeenth Infantry, wounded in the arm while leading his division into action on the hill.

Brigadier-General Schenck, Ohio Volunteers, commanding Second Brigade, First Division.

Col. E. D. Keyes, Eleventh Infantry, commanding First Brigade, First Division.

Col. W. B. Franklin, Twelfth Infantry, First Brigade, Third Division.

Col. W. T. Sherman, Thirteenth Infantry, commanding Third Brigade, First Division.

Col. Andrew Porter, Sixteenth Infantry, commanding First Brigade, Second Division.

Col. A. E. Burnside, Rhode Island Volunteers, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division.

Col. O. B. Wilcox, Michigan Volunteers, commanding Second Brigade, Third Division, who was wounded and taken prisoner while on the hill, in the hottest of the fight.

Col. O. O. Howard, Maine Volunteers, commanding Third Brigade, Third Division.

Col. J. B. Richardson, Michigan Volunteers, commanding Fourth Brigade, First Division.

Col. Blenker, New York Volunteers, commanding First Brigade, Fifth Division.

Col. Davies, New York Volunteers, commanding Second Brigade, Fifth Division.

As my position may warrant, even if it does not call, for some explanation of the causes, as far as they can be seen, which led to results herein stated, I trust it may not be out of place, if I refer, in a few words, to the immediate antecedents of the battle. When I submitted to the General-in-Chief, in compliance with his verbal instructions, the plan of operations and estimate of force required, the time I was to proceed to carry it into effect fixed for the 8th of July, Monday.—Every facility possible was given me by the General-in-Chief and heads of the administrative departments in making the necessary preparations. But the regiments, owing, I was told, to want of transportation, came over slowly. Many of them did not come across till eight or nine days after the time fixed upon, and went forward without my even seeing them, and without having been together before in a brigade. The sending reinforcements to Gen. Patterson, by drawing off the wagons, was a further and unavoidable cause of delay. Notwithstanding the herculean efforts of the Quartermaster General, and his favoring me in every way, the wagons for ammunition, subsistence, &c., and the horses for the trains and the artillery, did not all arrive for more than a week after the time appointed to move. I was not even prepared as late as the 15th ultimo, and the desire I should move became great, and it was wished I should not, if possible, delay longer than Tuesday, the 16th ultimo. When I did set out, on the 16th, I was still deficient in wagons for subsistence. But I went forward trusting to their being procured in time to follow me. The trains thus hurriedly gathered together, with horses, wagons, drivers, and wagon managers, all new and unused to each other, moved with difficulty and disorder, and was the cause of a day's delay in getting the provisions forward, making it necessary to make on Sunday the attack we should have made on Saturday.

I could not, with every exertion, get forward with the troops earlier than we did. I wished to go to Centreville the second day, which would have taken us there on the 17th, and enable us, so far as they were concerned, to go into action on the 19th instead of the 21st; but when I went forward from Fairfax Court House, beyond Germantown, to urge them forward, I was told that it was impossible for the men to march further. They had only come from Vienna, about six miles, and it was not more than six and a half miles further to Centreville—in all a march of twelve and a half miles; but the men were foot weary, not so much, I was told, by the distance marched, as by the time they had been on foot, caused by the obstructions in the road and the slow pace we had to move to avoid ambuscades. The men were, moreover, unaccustomed to marching, their bodies not in condition for that kind of work, and not used to carrying even the load of light marching order.

We crossed Bull Run with about 18,000 men of all arms, the Fifth Division (Miles's and Richardson's Brigade) on the left, at Blackburn's ford to Centreville, and Schenck's Brigade, of Tyler's division, on the left of the road, near the stone bridge, not participating in the main action. The numbers opposed to us have been variously estimated. I may safely say, and avoid even the appearance of exaggeration, that the enemy brought up all he could which were not kept engaged elsewhere. He had notice of our coming on the

17th, and had from that time until the 21st to bring up whatever he had. It is known that in estimating the force to go against Manassas, I engaged not to have to do with the enemy's forces under Johnston, then kept in check in the valley by Major-General Patterson, or those kept engaged by Major-General Butler, and I know every effort was made by the General-in-Chief that this should be done, and that even if Johnston joined Beauregard, it would not be because he could be followed by General Patterson, but from causes not necessary for me to refer to, he knew them all. This was not done, and the enemy was free to assemble from every direction in numbers only limited by the amount of this railroad rolling stock and his supply of provisions. To the forces, therefore, we drove in from Fairfax Court House, Fairfax station, Germantown, and Centreville, and those under Beauregard at Manassas, must be added those under Johnston from Winchester, and those brought up by Davis from Richmond to other places at the south, to which is to be added the levy *en masse* ordered by the Richmond authorities, which was ordered to assemble at Manassas. What all this amounted to, I cannot say—certainly much more than we attacked them with.

I could not, as I have said, more early push on faster, nor could I delay. A large and the best part of my forces were three months' volunteers, whose term of service was about to expire, but who were sent forward as having long enough to serve for the purpose of the expedition. On the eve of the battle the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment of volunteers and the battery of volunteer artillery of the New York Eighth militia, whose term of service expired, insisted on their discharge. I wrote to the regiment, expressing a request for them to remain a short time, and the Hon. Secretary of War, who was at the time on the ground, tried to induce the battery to remain at least five days. But in vain. They insisted on their discharge that night. It was granted, and the next morning, when the army moved forward into battle these troops moved to the rear to the sound of the enemy's cannon.

In the next few days, day by day, I should have lost ten thousand of the best armed, drilled, officered and disciplined troops in the army. In other words, every day which added to the strength of the enemy made us weaker.

In conclusion, I desire to say, in reference to the events of the 31st ult., that the general order for the battle to which I referred, was, with slight modifications, literally conformed to, that the corps were brought over Bull Run in the manner proposed, and put into action as before arranged, and that up to late in the afternoon every movement ordered was carrying us successfully to the object we had proposed before starting—that of getting to the railroad leading from Manassas to the valley of Virginia, and going on it far enough to break up and destroy the communication and interveins between the forces under Beauregard and those under Johnston. And could we have fought a day or a few hours sooner, there is everything to show how we could have continued successful, even against the odds with which we contended.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your most obedient servant

IRWIN McDOWELL,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

THE REBEL PRIVATEER PETREL SUNK BY THE ST. LAWRENCE.—An account by an officer in the St. Lawrence, says:—

"The rebel privateer Petrel (formerly the United States revenue cutter Aiken,) left Charleston harbor on Saturday evening, the 27th of July, and was sunk in Charleston harbor on the following day, about fifteen miles south of Charleston light-house. The St. Lawrence, when coming up with the Petrel, who sailed within a mile of us before she discovered our character, fired into the St. Lawrence, (at the officers, it is believed, upon the poop deck, when the St. Lawrence) returned a broadside of seven guns, one of the shot of which went entirely through the Petrel, and sunk her within fifteen minutes; when the boat of the Petrel, containing some men of her crew, was put out towards the St. Lawrence, at the same time displaying a flag of truce. This our men did not see, and continued to fire two or three shots with their small arms.

"By this time we saw that the Petrel was in a sinking condition, and we put out our boat and succeeded in saving thirty-six of her crew, including four of her officers. Two of her men, it is said, were drowned. The St. Lawrence was not injured in the least possible manner."

The St. Lawrence was one of the blockading squadron—but, having her ports closed, was mistaken for an East Indiaman. The crew of the Petrel are in prison in Philadelphia, and will be tried for an attempt to commit piracy.

MORE SECESSION CHIVALRY.—Mr. Collins, son of Dr. Collins, a noted Methodist who escaped from the South sometime since, relates the following:

"Miss Giernstein, a young woman from Maine, who had been teaching near Memphis, became an object of suspicion, and left for Cairo on the cars. One of the firemen overheard her say to some Northern men; 'Thank God, we shall soon be in a land where there is freedom of thought and speech.' The fellow summoned the Vigilance Committee, and the three Northern men were stripped and whipped till their flesh hung in strips. *Miss G. was stripped to her waist and thirteen lashes given her bare back*"

Mr. Collins says the brave girl permitted no cry or tear to escape her, but bit her lips through and through. *With head shaved, scarred, and disfigured, she was at length permitted to resume her journey toward a land of civilization.*

BATTLE AT ATHENS, MISSOURI.—We have intelligence of another fight in Missouri. A band of 1,200 rebels made an attack upon a Union camp at Athens, on Monday morning week, and were repulsed and pursued, losing eight killed, and eighteen taken prisoners, two flags, and thirty one horses. The rebels were led by a brother of ex-Senator Green.

Athens is a small town on the extreme northeast of Missouri, on the Des Moines river, twenty-five or thirty miles west of Keokuk.

It is reported that the Union troops, having been further reinforced by five or six hundred troops from Iowa, marched in pursuit of the rebels on Monday night, who were encamped eight miles from Athens. A fight has no doubt taken place at Athens, unless the rebels ran.

A MAN AND HIS WIFE KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—A terrible occurrence transpired one day last week, near Winchester, Crawford county, Ohio. A farmer named Hainey and his wife were out in a field making hay, when a thunder shower coming on, they fled to a tree for shelter. Mr. Hainey stood near the trunk of the tree with a fork in his hand, the tines of which were pointed upwards. While in this position the fork was struck by lightning, and Mr. H. instantly killed, and, sad to relate, his wife, who was but a few feet distant, shared the same terrible fate. The handle of the fork was shivered to pieces, but otherwise but little trace of the electric fluid was left behind.

A HARD HIT AT THE ZOUAVES.—General Heintzelman states in his official report of the battle at Bull Run, that the New York Eleventh Regiment (Fire Zouaves,) broke when they received the first fire of the enemy, and never formed again during the day. The statement is corroborated by numerous other officers. No doubt the Zouaves suffered severely, and fought bravely as individuals. Many of them are now prisoners at Richmond. But, although they went into battle with more than 1,000 men, less than 300 have reported themselves since. What has become of the other 700? It is incredible to suppose that they have all been killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. About a dozen, we believe, are boarding at one of the fire engine houses in Philadelphia, and many others retreated all the way to New York, not hearing any order to "halt." The Fire Zouaves would make first rate regulars—they are too self-willed for volunteers.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been steady, but dull. Sales reach 6000 bbls in lots, for shipment, at $4@4,50 for Western and Penna superfine; $4,25@4,50 for Western extra, part Spring Wheat, and $4,75@5,25 for extra family do, including 600 bbls Chicago fine Flour at $3; 800 bbls Western extra, and 1500 bbls fresh ground City Mills, mostly extra, all on terms kept private, and 200 half bbls do at $5,50 the pair; the receipts are moderate; the sales to the trade range at from $3,75 to $4,25 for common to good Western superfine; $4,25@4,75 for Penna do; $4,25@5,50 for extras; $4,75@5,75 for family, and $6@6,50 ℔ bbl for fancy lots, according to quality and freshness. Rye Flour is not inquired for, and dull at $3@3,25, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is also quiet, and Penna Meal rather scarce. The last sales were at $2,62½; 750 bbls Brandywine sold, part private, and part at $3 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off, and prices, under a steady demand, both for shipment and milling, are 2@3c ℔ bus better.—Sales reach about 40,000 bus, at $1@1,08 for inferior Western and Penna Reds; $1,10@1,13 for good and prime do, and $1,13@1,15 for Southern. White in lots at from $1,15 to $1,26, as in quality, the latter for prime Southern afloat, and 2500 bus, mostly Kentucky, do, on terms kept private. Rye comes in slowly. Penna finds ready sale at 52c for new, and 56c for old. Corn is steady and firm, with further light receipts and sales at 50@53c for fair to good and prime Penna and Southern Yellow in store and afloat, and 48@51c for Western mixed, as in quality.—Oats are better and more active, with sales of 35,000 bus, in lots, at 33@34c for old Southern and Penna, in store and afloat, and 25@29½c for new Southern, the latter for prime lots, which is an advance.

PROVISIONS—There is a little more firmness in the market. We quote Pork at $16 for Mess, and Beef at $12 @ 16 ℔ bbl for Western and city packed do. Bacon moves off as wanted at 8@10c for plain and fancy Hams, mostly of the latter; 7@7½c for Sides, and 5@5½c for Shoulders. Of salted Meats the sales are limited, and prices about the same. Lard is arriving and selling in a small way only at 9@9½c for tcs and bbls, and 9½@10c for kegs. Butter and Cheese are steady at 8@9c for the former and 6@8c ℔ lb for the latter. Eggs are dull and lower, sales having been made at 8@9c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—Holders are asking a further advance; the demand is limited and the sales light, including a few small lots only within the range of 15@18c, cash and short time, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES—Both Pots and Pearls are steady, but quiet at quotations.

BARK—Quercitron continues in good demand, and all offered, about 120 hhds, sold at $28 for 1st No 1, including some of a better brand at $31 ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark is dull and neglected.

BEESWAX—There is little or none offering or selling, and good Yellow is scarce at 29@30c ℔ lb.

COAL—The demand both for shipment and home use is only moderate for the season, but prices are firm.

COFFEE—There have been no arrivals this week, and the want of desirable stock has limited operations to some 1500 bags at full rates, including Rio at 13½@15½c, Laguayra at 16@17c, and St. Domingo at 14½c, on time.

COPPER is dull and neglected. Of Yellow Metal the sales are limited at 18c, on time, which is now the asking rate.

FRUIT—Green Fruit is coming in more freely, Apples selling at 50@75c, Peaches 50c@$1 ℔ basket, and Berries at 25@50c ℔ bucket; a sale of 100 bags Dried Apples was made at 2½c ℔ lb.

HAY is firm and selling at 60c for new and 70 @75c for old the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is little or no stock in first hands, and no sales reported.

HOPS are firm and selling in a small way at 20 @26c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for this staple continues dull and neglected, and no sales of either Pig or Manufactured have been made public to alter quotations.

LEAD is firm, and 1000 pigs Galena sold on terms kept private.

LUMBER—The market is very dull, and prices of most kinds are nearly nominal. About 400,000 Eastern Laths sold at $1,25. Lehigh Hemlock Boards sell at $10, Susquehanna White Pine at $11@15, Lehigh do $11@12, and rafted Hemlock at $6 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is firm but quiet at the advanced rates now current; sales of 500 hhds, mostly clayed Cuba, however, are reported on terms kept private.

PLASTER—There is little or none offering or selling, and soft is quoted at $2,25 ℔ ton.

RICE—The stock is light and the demand limited at 5½@6c ℔ lb.

SEEDS—There is no movement in the market, and little or no Clover or Timothy offering or selling, buyers and sellers being apart in their views. We quote the former at $4,50@4,75, and the latter at $2,50@2,75 ℔ bus. Calcutta Linseed has advanced considerably at the East.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy or Gin, but prices are firm and on the advance. N E Rum is steady at 28@30c. Whiskey has advanced, but the receipts and sales have been limited at 18@20c for Penna and Ohio bbls, closing at 18½@19c for the latter, and 18@19c for Drudge.

SUGARS—The market has been more active; sales of about 2000 hhds Cuba to note at 5¾@6½c; 130 hhds New Orleans at 6½@7½c, and 200 hhds Porto Rico at 6¼@7½c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is firm, and more active at the advance, city selling at 8½@8¾c and country at 7¾c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO is quiet but firm, with a small business only to note, for the supply of the trade, at full rates.

WOOL—The new clip comes in slowly, and the market is more active, with a moderate business to note in common to quarter and half blood at from 28 to 34c nett; fine Wools continue dull and neglected.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1872 head. Prices varying from $7½ to 8½ ℔ cwt. 50 Cows were sold at from $20 to 40 ℔ head. 5000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $6,00 to 7,00 ℔ cwt, net.—560 Hogs brought from $5 to 6½.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 10, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	3½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	30 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	25 to 7 dis.	North Carolina	15 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas		Pennsylvania	par to 1½ dis.
Kentucky	2½ dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	30 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	30 dis.
Maryland	¼ to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	25 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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BROWN'S DANDELION COFFEE.

We commend to the notice of our readers the advertisement of the above coffee, with the assurance that it is only necessary to give it a trial to take the place of all other coffee. The price being only one half the cost of the best Java, or Mocha, independently of its being more wholesome, is an object in the present depressed state of the times. jy26-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

August 1, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. GIDEON MILLER, to Miss SARAH GREEN, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. H. S. Thompson, Mr. JOHN A. FITCH, to Miss MARY T. RUTH, both of this city.

May 5th, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. GEO. W. ALLEN, of this city, to Miss ALICE CARR, of Mt. Holly, N. J.

On Thursday evening, Aug. 1, 1861, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Wm. Hickman, Mr. WILLIAM L. D. HICKMAN, son of the officiating clergyman, to Miss AMELIA E. WILLIAMS, both of this city.

July 29th, 1861, by the Rev. S. Y. Munroe, Mr. FREDERICK G. AARONSON, to Miss MARY JANE GESMEYER, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jas. Reid, A. M. Mr. JAMES McPHERSON, to Miss ELIZABETH JANE, daughter of Samuel Watson, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. JOHN YOUNG, to Miss ELIZABETH FETTERS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Friday afternoon, the 9th instant, JAMES KIRKPATRICK, Sr.

On Sunday, Aug. 4, Miss JULIA W. STOCKTON, of this city, in her 74th year.

On the 5th instant, ROBERT B. AREY, of this city, in his 65th year.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM, son of Isaac Hazlehurst, in his 15th year.

Suddenly, on Saturday, Aug. 3d, 1861, the Rt. Rev. SAMUEL BOWMAN, D. D., Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

Suddenly, on Saturday evening, August 3d, GEORGE SPACKMAN, M. D.

On Tuesday, 6th instant, after a protracted illness, Miss ALICE FAYLE, in her 79th year.

On the 6th instant, ROSANNA, wife of Thomas Ford, in her 50th year.

Suddenly, on the 4th instant, Mr. JOSEPH WHITAKER, in his 79th year.

On the 4th instant, LEAH R. wife of Francis C. Hampton, and daughter of the late Peter and Leah Paynter, aged 35 years.

On the 5th instant, ELIZABETH WALLACE, in her 78th year.

On the 1st instant, MARY A. SHERMAN, in her 34th year, late of Cambridge, Md.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN.—A very fine card photograph of Major-General McCLELLAN—price 25 cents—sent by mail free of charge. McALLISTER & BRO., 728 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

BISHOP BOWMAN.—A faithful likeness of the late Bishop BOWMAN—price 25 cts.—sent by mail free of charge.
McALLISTER & BRO.,
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USE
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,
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PURE—SAFE—UNEQUALLED,
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Produces any shade, from rich, mellow brown to glossy black in ten minutes, and contains no ingredient that is injurious to the hair.

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WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a foetid breath grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

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DANDELION COFFEE.

It is strongly recommended by the faculty as a superior nutritious beverage for general Debility, Dyspepsia, Disease of the Liver, Billious Affections, and Irritable condition of the Stomach. The many thousands who have been reluctantly compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, owing to the injury done to their health, will find this superior to the best Java Coffee, to say nothing of its great and acknowledged medical benefits.

Wherever known it takes the place of all other coffee, and costs only one-half the price of the best Java.

A supply constantly for sale at FREDERICK BROWN'S Drug and Chemical Store, North-East corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. jy 20-tf

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INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH!
PURIFY YOUR BREATH!
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They relieve a Cough instantly.
They clear the Throat.
They give strength and volume to the Voice.
They impart a delicious aroma to the Breath.
They are delightful to the Taste.
They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All others are counterfeit.

A Package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of Thirty Cents.

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CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite, giving tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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The genuine have five signatures of Henry C Spalding on each Box.

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☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

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SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

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is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

Homes for the Industrious!
IN THE
GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE
1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,
In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS & WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

Of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses; THE TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,106,398 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of forty-nine counties, through which it passes, was only 335,598 since which 479,293 have been added; making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

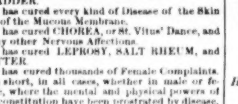
J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Cent. R. R., see pages 188, 189 & 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?

It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
It has cured complicated Diseases.
It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.
It has cured Disease of the HEART.
It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.
It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.
It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.
It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.
It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.
It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
It has cured FUNGUS HEMATODES.
It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.
It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.
It has cured MERCURIAL Diseases.
It has cured SCALD HEAD.
It has cured ERUPTIONS on the Skin.
It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.
It has cured ULCERS of every kind.
It has cured Diseases of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.
It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.

In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf



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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &C., has removed to
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No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
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This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information for *persons in want of limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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WONDER! WONDER!—Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of Ventriloquism by a few hours' practice. Sent by mail for three cents.

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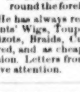

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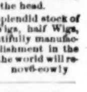


Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.
No. 1.—The round of the head.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.

Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,
Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,
Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS, and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines,* are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap 13-tf

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

Wit and Humor.

THE RIVAL PILOTS.

The Uncle Sam was the largest boat of her day, and had two of the best pilots on the Mississippi river. Between these men—whom we will call Smith and Brown—there existed a bitter spirit of rivalry. The first engineer sided with Smith, the first pilot, and the second engineer with Brown.

One day when the boat was leaving Natchez, Brown, who was steering, ran her a short distance down stream in order to pass the town under a full head of steam.—Just as he was abreast the town, the first engineer, who was working the boat, shut the steam nearly off; nor would he put it on again until they finally, and very slowly, passed the town. Brown saw the finger of Smith in his manœuvres, and swore revenge. He got it.

On the next down trip, a heavy fog arose at sunset; and Smith, who at that time abandoned the boat to Brown, ordered him to run the boat till nine o'clock, and then tie her up; to have steam kept up all night, and if the fog should lift, to call him.

"Tie the boat up?" said Brown. "I can run her in any such fog as there is to-night. I'll run her till twelve, and then tie her up, as you are afraid."

"I can run her any night and anywhere that you can," replied Smith; "and if you do run her till twelve, call me then. That's all."

Brown kept on for a time; but the fog grew heavier; and having made sure that his coadjutor was fast asleep, he rounded the boat to at a wood yard, and tied up. His friend, the second engineer, was on duty, and, according to Brown's direction, the wheel was unshipped, and the steam kept up.

At twelve, Brown went to the wheel again, and sent a waiter to call Smith, who soon made his appearance, rubbing his eyes, and anything but pleased at the prospect before him.

"Hallo!" said Brown. "Are you there? I've called you according to orders. Now, I think you had better tie up, and turn in again, or you will make a smash before morning."

Smith growled out that he was able to steer any boat in any fog, where anybody else could, and took the wheel. Brown went below.

The boat was fast to the bank, but neither bank nor anything else could poor Smith see.

The wheels, which were uninjured, turned round and round with the swift current, and the splashes reaching his ears, the hissing of steam in the low pressure boilers sounded all right to him; and so, cursing his bad luck, Brown's obstinacy, and his own stupidity in accepting the banter, he turned the wheel now this way and now that, expecting every moment to feel the boat strike against something. A thousand times, during his dreary watch, did he determine to give up his desperate undertaking, and as often did pride step in and overtake him; and so, finally having made up his mind to let the worst come to the worst, he gave a tubular order to the engineer to work very slow, and keep on.

About sunrise, Brown, accompanied by the captain and other officers, came on deck.

"Hallo, Smith!" said Brown. "Is that you?"

"Yes, it is," replied Smith, crossly enough.

"You haven't been running all night, I reckon?" continued Brown.

"Don't you see I have?" answered Smith. "Don't you know where you are? If you don't, you had better get your eyes scrubbed out."

"No," said Brown, "I can't say that I do. Where are we?"

"Just above Natchez," was the reply.

"Well, smarty," said Brown, "you *have* done it this time; and I wouldn't be in your boots for a hogshead of niggers."

"What have I done, and what do you mean?" demanded Smith, ferociously.

"Done? Done enough!" roared Brown. "I left the boat tied up to old Jones's plantation, and you've gone and towed *that* down to Natchez. They'll have you up for abduction, and land piracy, and nigger stealing, and putting obstructions in the channel of the river; and the Lord have mercy on you!"

A very moist ray of the sun peeping through the mist at this moment, partially disclosed the situation of the boat and shore to the astonished Smith, and darting below, he remained there until the boat *did* reach Natchez. And from that time, ever after, neither the Uncle Sam nor the Mississippi river knew him more.

A New Version.—A correspondent writes—"Were you ever at a darkey camp-meeting?" Well, they "holler" some. One old darkey of my acquaintance was reproved one day by his master for shouting so at his "private devotions." Pompey, with a very grave face, said, "I guess massa don't read de Scripters wid much 'tention." "Ah! how's that?" said the master. "Why," said Pomp, with a knowing look, "don't de Scripter say, '*Hollered* be Thy name?'" The master gave in, and Pompey had his *hollerin'* unmolested.

Picked Men.—A volunteer applied to be enrolled in a Southern village, when he asked to see what kind of looking men had already enlisted. The lieutenant paraded his "army," and a tough-looking set they were. "Why," said the countryman, "I thought you only enlisted 'picked men.'" "So they are," said the lieutenant, "*picked out of the gutter, every man!*"

☞ Very Conscientious.—"I sells peppermints on Sunday," said an old lady, who kept a candy shop, "because they carries them to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you wants pickled limes, you must come on week days. They're secular commodities."

THE LAW VINDICATED.

Judge D—— was fond of card-playing, and occasionally indulged in the amusement. During the period he occupied a seat on the bench, the legislature of Georgia passed very stringent laws to prevent gambling, and made it imperative on the judges to charge the grand juries, at the opening of each session of the court, to present all who were known as gamblers, etc. The judge had conformed to the requirements of the law, but none were presented, and gambling seemed to flourish as it ever had.

On an occasion when the judge was on his circuit, and after his usual charge to the grand jury, and, as usual, no notice taken of the charge, Judge D—— ascertained there was a faro-bank in successful operation in the very precincts of the court. The judge thought he would indulge his propensity for play, and visited the bank. He played, and was very successful, as was his wont; he won all the money, and broke up the establishment. After he had pocketed his winnings, and was about retiring, he perceived several of the grand jury in the room, who had likewise been engaged in the game. Judge D—— observed to them:

"Gentlemen of the grand jury, the law requires me to do all in my power to suppress the vice of gambling. I have charged the grand juries upon the subject time after time, without any good effect. It was time for me to act, and see if I could not enforce the law. I have done so; and the most effectual way of doing it is to break the bank, which I have done to-night. I do not think these fellows will trouble the public for some time to come, and the law in me is vindicated. Gentlemen, I bid you good-night."

WITTY HOAX.

The editor of an English paper was recently hoaxed by the following epistle:—

Sir:—It may perhaps be of some interest to your readers to learn that, during the recent improvements at the Rye House Tavern and Tea Gardens, at Broxbourne, a curious stone was found, with the following inscription:—

Forc ATT
Letor Ubtre
Irta Ilsag
A In St—

which I send you, in the hope that some archæological light may be thrown upon it.

Sirs, yours obediently, P. T.

Which, when deciphered after the ingenious Pickwickian method of

⋈
BIL. LST. UMP. SHI. SMA.
R. K.

informed the editor in question that the stone was "For cattle to rub their tails against."

Negro Wit.—"Pompey, why is a journey round dis world like a cat's tail?"

"Well, I doesn't zactly see any semblance 'twixt the cases."

"Well, den, I spose I'll hab to tell you—bekase it am *fur* to de end of it."

"But spose de cat's tail is singed?" said Pompey.

"Oh! den in that case," said the other, "it isn't quite so *fur*."

CAVALRY HORSES.

The following suggestions from the old "Spirit of the Times" are worthy of consideration at this time:

A few years ago we told them calmly, plainly, and emphatically, they would rue the day when they permitted racing to die out; that the time would come when they would need the courage, the endurance, of the racer in the breed of their horses. We were laughed at for our pains, and men who ought to have known better, shrugged their shoulders, remarking that it was our *business* to talk thus and so. The day which we prophesied has come; yea, verily, we can ask where are your horses? where are your chargers? where is the cavalry to come from to prosecute the war you have undertaken? It is thoroughly understood by all who have any knowledge on the subject that men high in authority in this State insist that we cannot mount a regiment of cavalry properly. When this was first bruited abroad people looked at each other in utter amazement; but such is the case—we have no horses.

What a laughable sight it would be, were it not so serious a matter, to see a thousand men mounted on a heterogeneous lot of horses, crossing over a ploughed field with a ditch at one end, the Connestogas stumbling in their efforts to raise their feet over the ridges, falling when forced to a gallop, the trotters trying to keep up at their unnatural gait, and the hacks that could gallop a little, after reaching the ditch, tumbling into it or trying to wade through instead of clearing it with a single bound, and worse than all would be the action of these brutes when within sound of the cannon's roar, shying, turning, twisting and running away at every explosion; and as for attempting a charge at cold steel, the sight of the bayonets glistening in the sun would make their hearts burst with very terror.

A first success is often more ruinous to a man than a series of petty defeats, for the one gives him an overwheening confidence which may lead to his utter destruction; the other teaches fortitude and the means by which misfortune is to be overcome; the parallel is true of a nation.

When the Mexican war was first commenced, we told the people that our cavalry was in a state of utter inefficiency, but coming in contact with an effete race of men, and, if possible, a more abused race of horses, than the people of the country; a country in which the owners of large stocks of horses preserve as stallions only those animals which are deformed by nature, and would not bring a remunerative price in the stock market:—to such horses, and to such a race of people, we were opposed; it is therefore not to be wondered at that our own deficiency was not exposed, so easy was our conquest. So determinately were all our friends of opinion that a war could not be brought about except with an inferior race, that a cold shoulder has been turned to all our efforts, and the tests of a horse's value have lost interest to all but a very few.

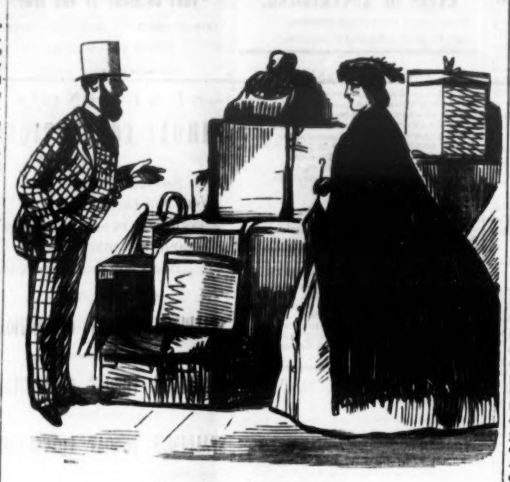
The great advantage of cavalry is, after the enemy's ranks have been broken by the fire of artillery or a charge of bayonets by infantry, for them to get among the men and prevent the reforming of the ranks, completing the temporary disorder, and causing it to result in a total rout. To accomplish this result, horses and riders must be thoroughly trained, capable of performing every evolution with precision and rapidity; the horses must possess endurance, courage, and speed; the latter quality is as necessary as the two former, otherwise the important moment may have passed, ere the cavaliers reach the enemy's lines, and they in turn be met with a warm reception; for if charging a line of regulars prepared to greet them, their destruction is almost inevitable, yet when brought to bear on militia the opposite result is in nearly every instance to be anticipated, volunteers generally breaking before cavalry as they do when charged by the bayonet; under such circumstances a well-organized body of horse are a most valuable auxiliary on the field of battle when you are opposed to raw recruits—veterans care nothing for a cavalry charge, except when already broken, and then when the horse penetrates their lines and get between man and man, and commence the business of trampling them down, the riders use their sabres with terrible effect, then are the foot soldiers fully aware that their glory and honor is departed for that day, and their only hope of safety is in flight, which is at best but a poor recourse. The weight of the horses, the men, and their accoutrements, is a matter for very serious consideration.—Horses could not be too large or heavy, provided they could have the proper speed and endurance, in both of which qualities the majority of large horses are lacking. If animals cannot in these days go faster than a trot, or hand gallop, we might as well return to the use of the elephant as expect to derive any material advantage from a lubberly brute; therefore experience has taught that we must use a smaller, more compact, and purer bred horse.

The English hunter comes nearer to the standard of what a cavalry horse should be than any other animal of which we have cognizance; he is very nearly thoroughbred, possessing all the virtues of the latter, except extraordinary speed, but this defect is counterbalanced by an increase of stoutness. The next point for our consideration is the size and weight of the men. In former days it was customary to select the largest, strongest, and longest-limbed men that a country would afford, but recent experiments have shown that much lighter and smaller men could be used to greater advantage; that 145 pounds is the maximum for a rider; that himself and his accoutrements should not weigh more than 170 pounds.

Webster on the Constitution.—Mr. Webster, in 1833, speaking of the Constitution of the United States, says:—

"The maintenance of this Constitution does not depend on the plighted faith, of the States, as States, to support it; and this again, shows that it is not a league. It relies on individual duty and obligations. The Constitution of the United States creates direct relations between this Government and individuals. This Government may punish individuals for treason, and all other crimes in the code, when committed against the United States. It has power, also, to tax individuals, in any mode and to any extent; and it possesses the further power of demanding from individuals military service. Certainly nothing can more clearly distinguish a Government from a confederation of States, than the possession of these powers. No closer relations can exist between individuals and any government."

Four Questions.—Ask these short questions, whereby to know whether your heart be truly changed: Hath thine heart been turned into sorrow for sin? Hath thy sorrow been turned into prayer? Hath thy prayer been turned into faith? Hath thy faith issued universal tenderness and obedience?



ONE WEEK FROM HOME.

Wife (to Unreasonable Husband).—It's of no use, George, your saying "*Hang it, Maria*,"—you know I cannot leave home without a change of dresses.

An Obedient Son.—A boy was tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience I know would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."

Was not this an excellent reason?

A Young Logician.—A friend of ours, up-town, has a little fair-haired youngster theologian of some four summers, who, after being, the other day, for some time lost in thought, broke out thus: "Pa, can God do anything?" "Yes, my son." "Can he do everything, pa?" "Yes, dear." "Could he make a two-year-old colt in two minutes?" "Why, he wouldn't wish to do that, Freddy." "But if he did wish to, could he?" "Yes, certainly, if he wished to." "What! in two minutes?" "Yes, in two minutes." "Well, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?"

☞ Pursuit of Pleasure under Difficulties.—Attempting to eat soft mush and milk out of a jug with a knitting needle.

Agricultural.

PACKING FRUIT.

In no art are we more deficient than that of packing fruit so that it may be carried a long distance without injury. Three-fourths of all our summer fruits sent to market any considerable distance is more or less injured. Indeed, much that is brought to cities by growers only a few miles distance is scarcely fit for sale. Occasionally fruits are sent us with a request to exhibit them at our horticultural shows, but in most cases the specimens are so injured when received as to be entirely unfit to show. Mr. Kidd, gardener to the Marquis of Broadalbane, who sends fruit and flowers from the garden near Hampton Court, England, to the Highland residence of the Marquis, subject to five hundred miles carriage, is so successful in packing that he can send fully ripe tomatoes "without losing a fruit," and bouquets that when received will be as fresh as when first picked. He gives his method of packing fruit as follows:—"I have found no better method in all my experience, which has extended over a period of twenty years, with all kinds of fruit, varying in distance from fifty to five hundred miles. It simply is—box, soft paper, and sweet bran. A box is chosen, in size, according to the quantity to be sent. A layer of bran is put at the bottom; then each bunch of grapes is held by the hand over the centre of a sheet of paper; the four corners of the paper are brought up to the stalk and nicely secured; then laid on its side in the box, and so on, until the first layer is finished. Then fill the whole over with bran, and give the box a gentle shake as you proceed. Begin the second layer as the first, and so on, until the box is completed. Thus, with neat hands, the bloom is preserved, and may be sent to any distance; but, with clumsy hands, quite the contrary, and often an entire failure, as the putting in and the taking out of the box are the most important points to be observed. I have, invariably packed sixty or eighty bunches of grapes, and fifty or sixty dozen of peaches or apricots in one box, and received letters from employers, to say that they have arrived as safe as if they had been taken from the trees that morning."—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO HOLD A HARD-HEADED HORSE.

I wish, through the medium of your common-sense paper, to describe a simple method of holding a fiery, hard-bitted, or runaway horse. Put the buckle or snap of the rein *through* the bit-ring, and fasten it to some part of the bridle between the ears and mouth of the horse. The advantage of this easily and quickly made arrangements is twofold; 1st, it draws the bit directly into the corners of the mouth, whatever be the position of the horse's head; 2nd, the force exerted on the bit in this manner by the same power at the end of the rein, though not quite doubled, is very much greater than when the rein is attached simply to the bit. By this means, I have seen the most fretful and ungovernable animal immediately converted into a serviceable plough-horse, while my eased limbs and shoulders gave direct testimony in favor of the diminished labor of managing the team.

The arrangement is also convenient in driving an ill-matched team, one horse being a fast, and the other a moderate traveller. Arrange the reins as directed, for the fast horse, leaving the others in the common way.—*American Agriculturist.*

Clover-Sick Land.—It is well known that, in many instances, after clover has been grown on land for a long time, it will not flourish. The term "clover-sick" is applied to land in such cases. The question—"What ails the land?" has been a puzzling one. One class of agricultural philosophers attributed the failure to the exhaustion of the *mineral* elements of the soil; but the application of potash and other mineral manures was not found to be a specific remedy. In practice, it was found that the land required rest from clover, and that after an interval of several years, it recovered the ability to produce this crop. Dr. Voelcker, chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, made many experiments in reference to this subject a few years ago, which formed the basis of a valuable paper in the Journal of that Society. He, however, did not arrive at any positive conclusions in regard to the principles of clover-sickness. Yet he suggests that the failure of clover in the cases alluded to, may be owing to the want of a sufficient supply of certain organic compounds in the soil. The idea which has been widely entertained, that organic matter in the soil is only valuable to plants as a source of carbonic acid, he thinks requires modification, as it is probable that some plants derive a considerable amount of their substance from carbon compounds "other than carbonic acid," while others depend on that acid mainly for their supply of carbon.

Scab in Sheep.—Youatt recommends an ointment for this disease, prepared of common mercurial ointment, and three times its weight of lard, for very bad cases. Where the disease is light, or has but just made its appearance, use five parts of lard to one of the ointment. The ingredients are well rubbed together, and the scabs are smeared with it. Another recipe for this disease is, one ounce of corrosive sublimate, four ounces of sal ammoniac, dissolved in four quarts of rain water. This is a powerful stimulant, and should be used with caution. Well fed sheep, or those that run in dry, hilly pastures, are seldom troubled with this disease.

Trees for Sandy Coasts.—A remedy is claimed to have been found in a French tree called the Maritime Pine, which has been tried and rendered great service near Bordeaux. It grows rapidly to the height of fifty feet or more, and furnishes a valuable wood. They are attempting to raise these trees in the neighborhood of San Francisco, which is much troubled by loose sands, and if adapted to this climate they are deserving the consideration of the beach owners everywhere.

Useful Receipts.

Leather Belts.—To polish enameled leather, take half a pint of the best cream, a quarter of a pint of linseed oil, make them each lukewarm, and then mix them well together. Having previously cleaned the leather, rub it over with a sponge dipped in the mixture; then rub it with a soft dry cloth until a brilliant polish is produced.

Red Ants.—Suppose I contribute my mite for the benefit of those who are afflicted with those pests, little red ants. We used to have them in such abundance, that we were obliged to place everything eatable on a table, and then place the table legs in saucers of water, in order to keep clear of the torments. For the last three years we have gathered young wintergreen, when it was about three inches high, and scattered it about in our pantry and closets. The ants appeared to dislike it exceedingly, for they began to decrease in numbers immediately, and last summer we had none at all. Mary.

To Prepare Silk for Painting On.—Take the whitest starch that can be procured; mix it into a smooth paste with cold water, strain the silk tightly on a frame, and then, with a broad camel's-hair brush, paint the silk on one side, always beginning at the top. Be careful to have no thick stripes.—When dry, it is ready for use. Paint upon the side not starched. A little gum-water is an advantage with transparent colors like lake.

Cement for the Tops of Bottles or Jars.—Take equal parts of rosin and brickdust pounded fine, a lump of beeswax, stew them together and keep in an old tin, melting it when you want to seal your bottles or jars.

To Stop Cracks in Iron Vessels.—Mix wood ashes and salt into a paste, with a little water; apply them, whether the vessels are cold or hot.

Cements.—Three parts ashes, three parts clay, and one part sand, is said to make a cement as hard as marble, and impervious to water.

Liquid glue is good for vases, &c.

Loose handles of knives and forks may be re-fastened by making a cement of rosin and brickdust. Heat the handle, and pour in the cement very hot. Seal engravers do this.

Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, adding one fifth water, and using a gentle heat; when perfectly melted and mixed, it will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass so fast that the fracture will hardly be seen.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 63 letters.

My 1, 5, 8, 14, 18, is a county in Missouri.
My 54, 3, 9, 34, 12, 17, is a cape of Spain.
My 15, 33, 52, 43, 4, 10, is a town in Brazil.
My 24, 5, 63, 27, 22, 57, 62, is one of the Caribbee Islands.
My 38, 22, 24, 35, 41, 8, is a town in Russia.
My 59, 47, 43, 53, is a town in Turkey in Europe.
My 27, 63, 5, 31, 50, 2, is a county in Michigan.
My 38, 7, 15, 6, 55, 49, 29, is a county in Ohio.
My 11, 38, 19, 33, 16, 57, 59, is one of the United States.
My 13, 23, 42, 47, 28, is a county of Iowa.
My 58, 37, 61, 62, is one of the United States.
My 60, 18, 39, 20, 45, is a division of Soudan.
My 26, 51, 55, 53, 59, is a division of Asia.
My 40, 56, 9, 35, 59, 56, 54, is a country in the Eastern Hemisphere.
My 33, 48, 30, is a lake in Ireland.
My 38, 25, 32, is a county in Illinois.
My 21, 22, 7, 17, 37, is a city in Equador.
My 44, 5, 60, 29, 43, 50, 13, 10, 36, is a city in the Chinese Empire.
My 61, 59, 12, 32, 47, 46, 37, 63, 54, is a city in Ireland.

My whole was a most daring event in American history, that occurred in the years 1700 and 1800. J. K. W.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 14, 44, 7, is a nickname.
My 2, 4, 28, 8, is one of the months.
My 3, 23, 9, 34, 10, 33, 35, 30, 9, 32, 31, is an Eastern idiom or doctrine.
My 5, 13, 36, is a beautiful color.
My 6, 14, 24, is an adverb of negation.
My 11, 26, 5, 15, 21, 10, 20, 32, signifies one that reigns.
My 12, 35, 26, 22, 9, is one of the West Indies.
My 16, 34, 18, 9, 30, is a name.
My 17, 19, 29, 36, 3, 29, is a species of the antelope.
My 25, 7, 13, we should learn wisdom and industry from.
My 27, 9, 36, 36, 30, 34, is an instrument of music.

My whole is the title of a book and the name of the author. W. T. TOTTEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a donkey;
My second is a donkey;
My third is myself;
My fourth is all America;
My whole is a murder.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in ride, but not in walk.
My 2nd is in listen, but not in talk.
My 3rd is in dog, but not in cat.
My 4th is in dirt, but not in mat.
My 5th is in long, but not in short.
My 6th is in teach, but not in taught.
My 9th is in shore, but not in coast.
My whole is seen every week in the Post.

Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTRELL.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a gulf in Asia.
Is an island in Polynesia.
Is an island in the Indian Ocean.
Is a range of mountains in Europe.
Is a cape of Africa.
Is a county in Louisiana.

My initials form a city in Europe, and my finals the place of situation.

F. R. WALLACE.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many equal spheres, of any diameter, can at the same time touch a central one of the same diameter? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B travelled on the same road and at the same rate from Huntingdon to London. At the 5th milestone from London A overtook a drove of geese which were proceeding at the rate of 3 miles in 2 hours, and 2 hours afterwards met a wagon which was moving at the rate of 9 miles in 4 hours; B overtook the same drove of geese at the 45th milestone, and met the same wagon 40 minutes before he came to the 31st milestone. Where was B when A reached London?

Jackson Co., Mich. C. B.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a miser like seasoned timber? Ans.—Because he never gives.

☞ When is music like vegetables? Ans.—When there are two beets (beats) to the measure.

☞ Why is a pugilist like the conductor of a newspaper? Ans.—Because he is a head hitter (editor). This is the prize effort of the season.

☞ What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? Ans.—One is the sale of effects—the other the effects of a sail.

☞ How does a hardware dealer differ from a bootmaker? Ans.—The one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

TAUTOLOGICAL ENIGMA—It is better to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age. HISTORICAL ENIGMA—The Lambert Home Guards. CHARADE—Rain-bow. RIDDLE—Anan. DOUBLE REBUS—Abe Lincoln, of Illinois.—(Apollo, Buff, Eli, Lionel, Ill, Ngami, Comorin, Orinoco, Lipari, Naples.) ANAGRAMS—Telegraphs, Old England, Patience, Christianity, Catalogues, Revolution.

☞ Modern poets may well complain that all the similes have been used up before their time. "White as snow," "white as a lily," "white as ivory," are now general property; but a Welsh poet, Davyth ap Gwilyn, has an entirely new image; he calls the maiden of his love "white as lime."